

STRAIGHT ARROW

No. 4

10¢



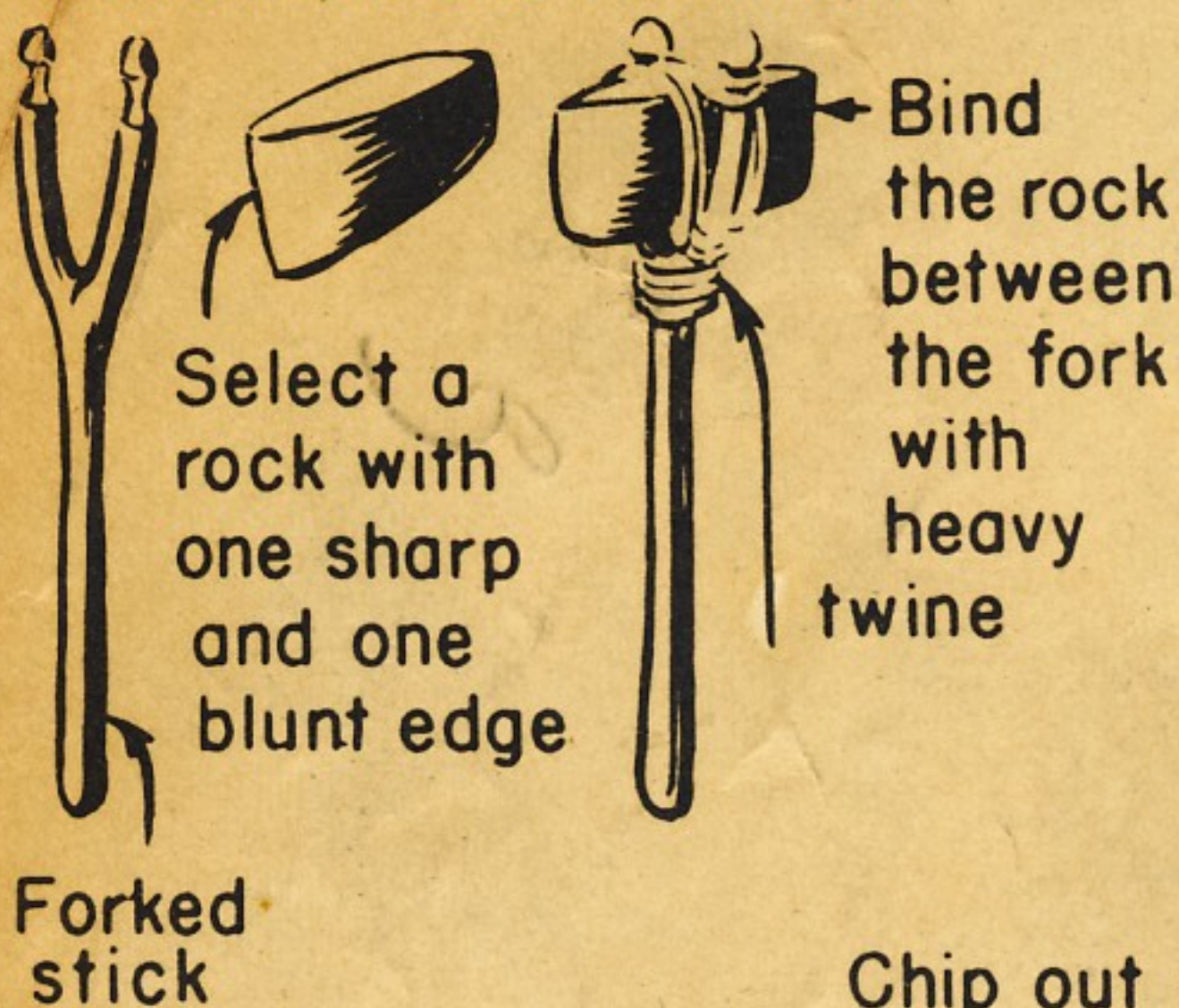
"Not far from the Broken Bow Ranch lies Sundown Valley . . . and there, a secret cave that gleams with light from an unknown source . . . A Comanche bow and Comanche arrows hang on the golden walls; there is Comanche warpaint, Comanche garb . . . And the great golden palomino, Fury, whinnies eagerly—greeting his master, STRAIGHT ARROW!"



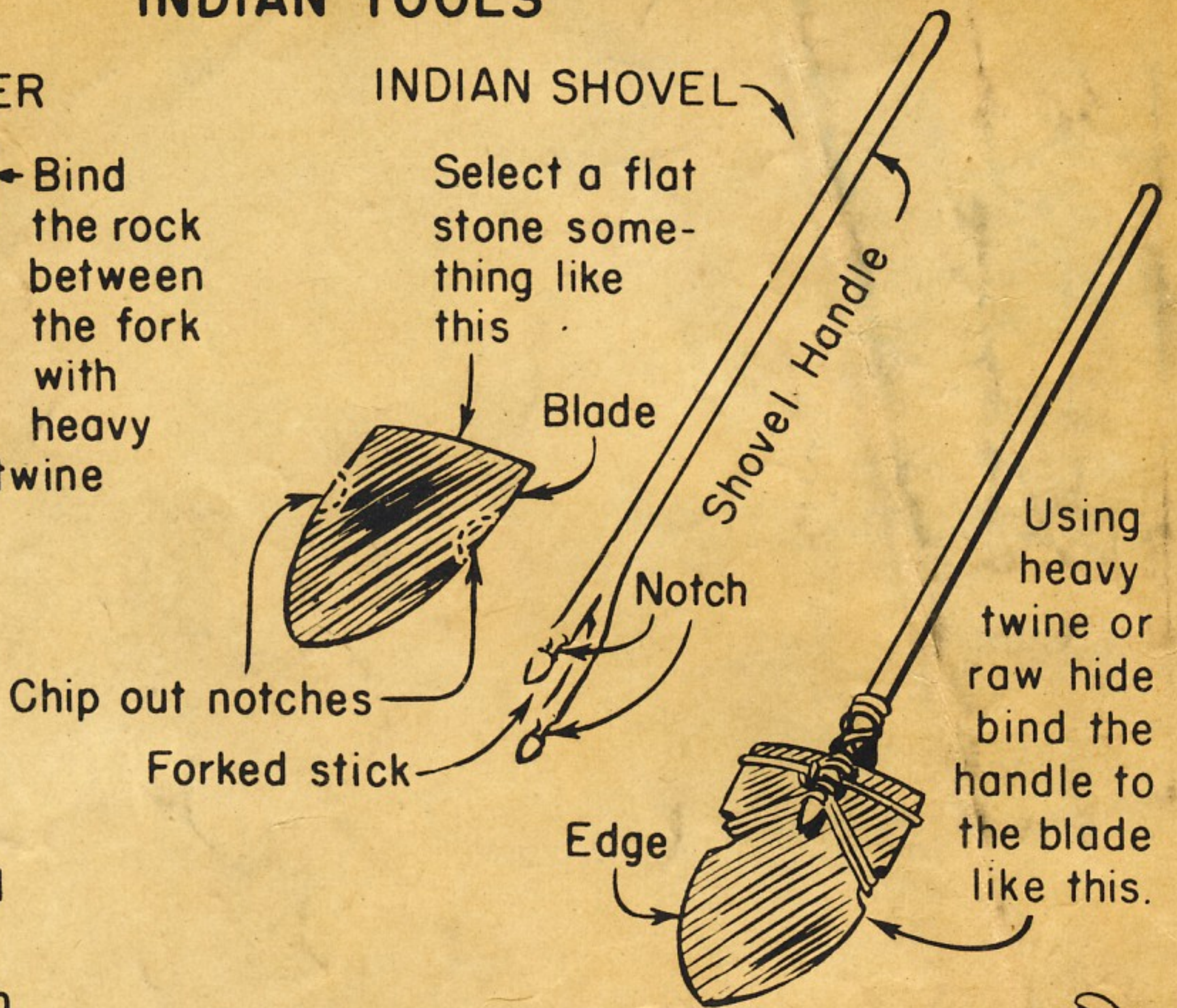
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

INDIAN TOOLS

INDIAN AX and HAMMER

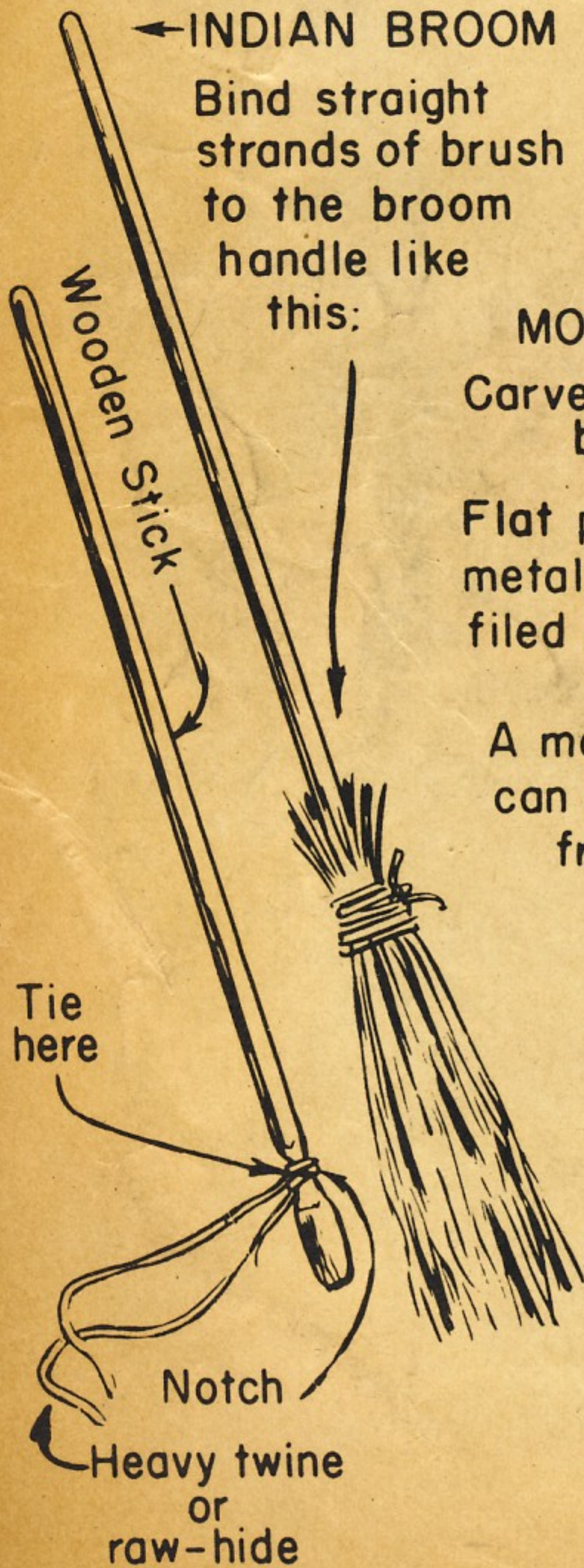


INDIAN SHOVEL

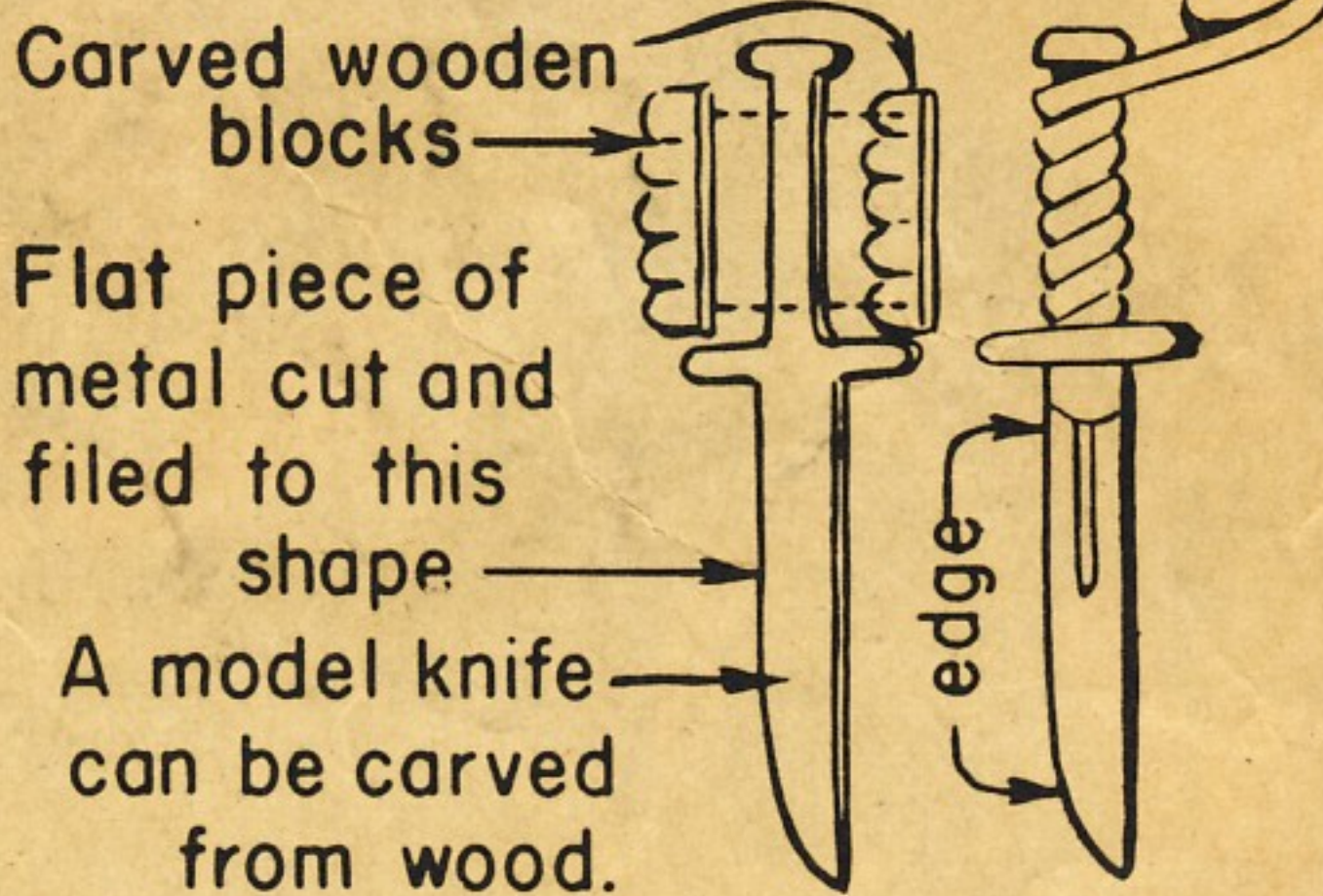


INDIAN BROOM

Bind straight strands of brush to the broom handle like this:



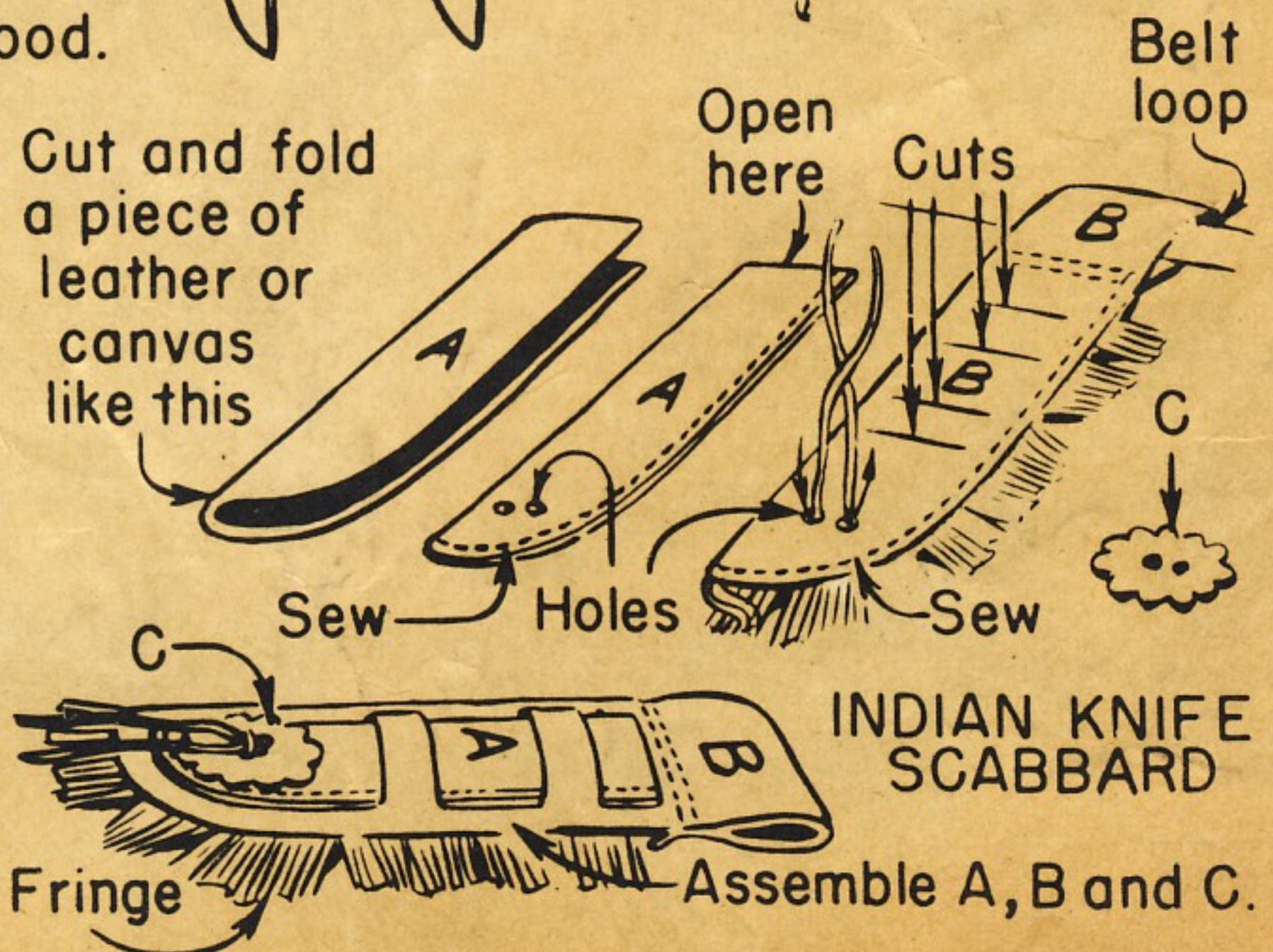
MODEL INDIAN KNIFE



Raw-hide or tape



Cut and fold a piece of leather or canvas like this

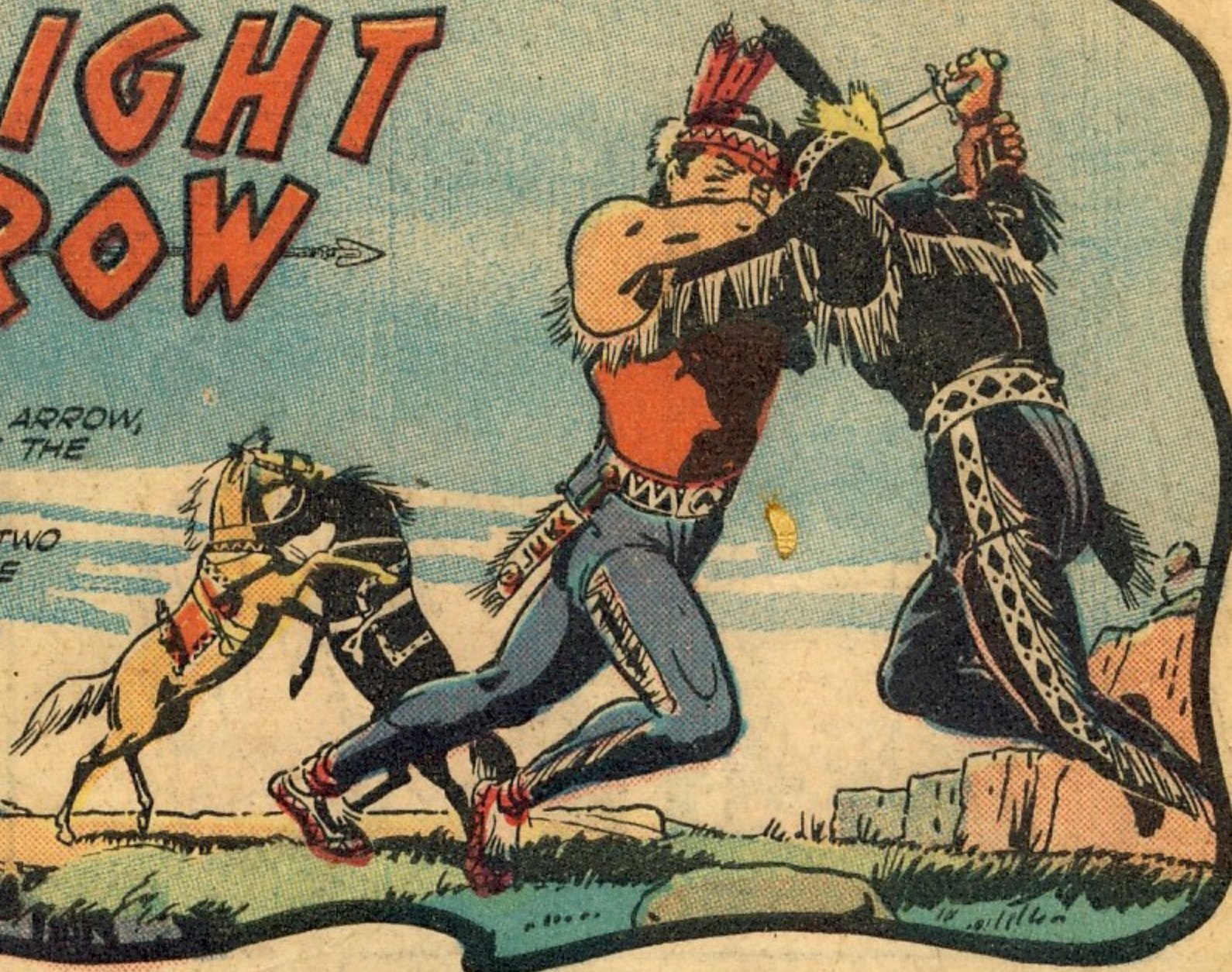


STRAIGHT ARROW

AT LAST, FOR STRAIGHT ARROW,
AN OPPONENT WORTHY OF THE
NAME!

BLACK FEATHER AND
STRAIGHT ARROW — THE TWO
MIGHTIEST FIGHTERS IN THE
WEST — COME TO GRIPS IN
THIS THRILL-PACKED SAGA
OF —

"THE BATTLE
of the
GIANTS!"



A NEW
FIGURE, DEADLY,
TERRIBLE, OMINOUS,
SUDDENLY APPEARS ON
THE PLAINS...

HEEE-YAH!! THEY
CALL ME —
BLACK FEATHER!

IT'S — IT'S
BLACK FEATHER!
GOSH — AGAIN!

I'M STOPPIN', BLACK
FEATHER — DON'T SHOOT
NO MORE O' THEM
ARROWS!

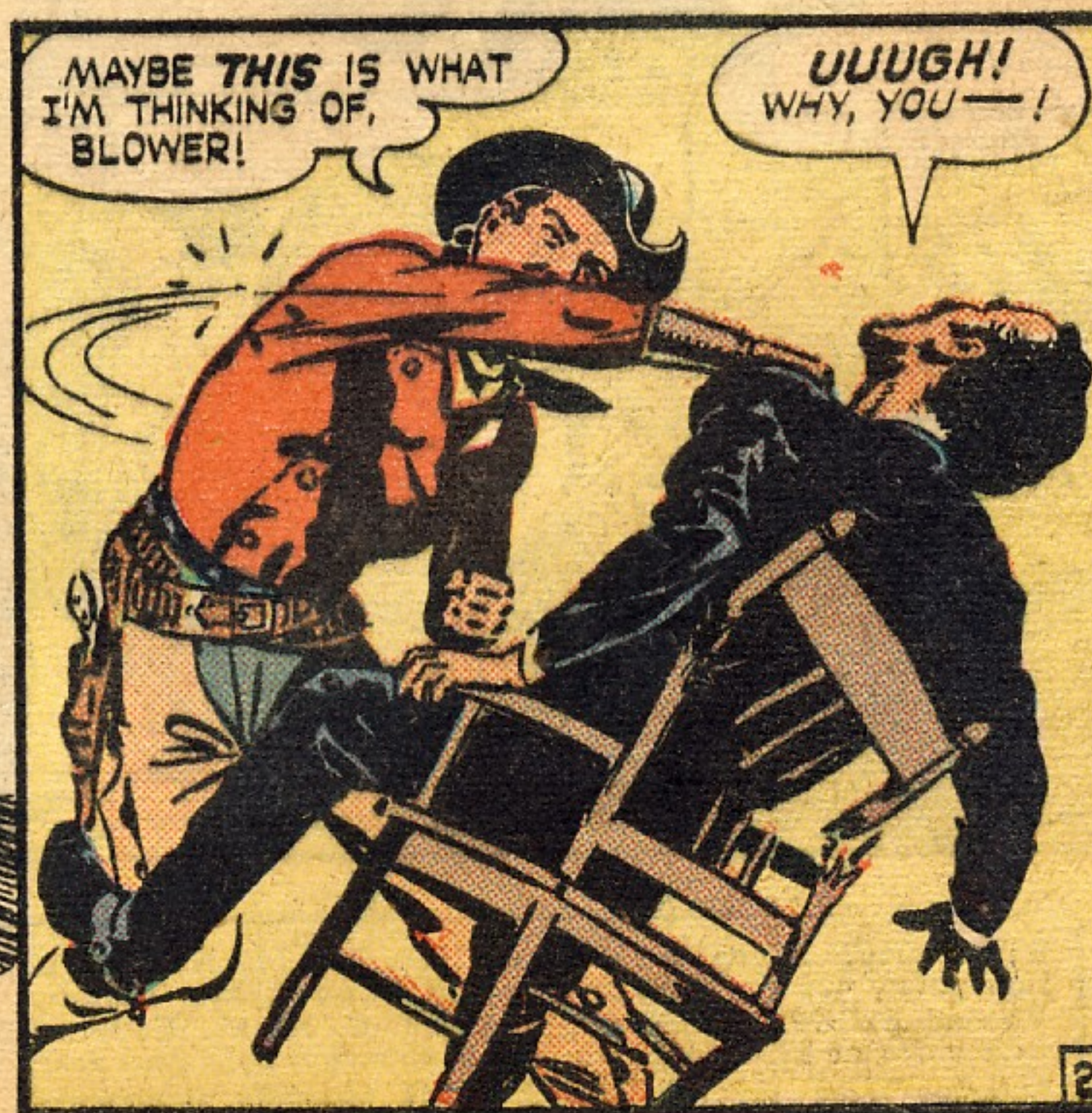
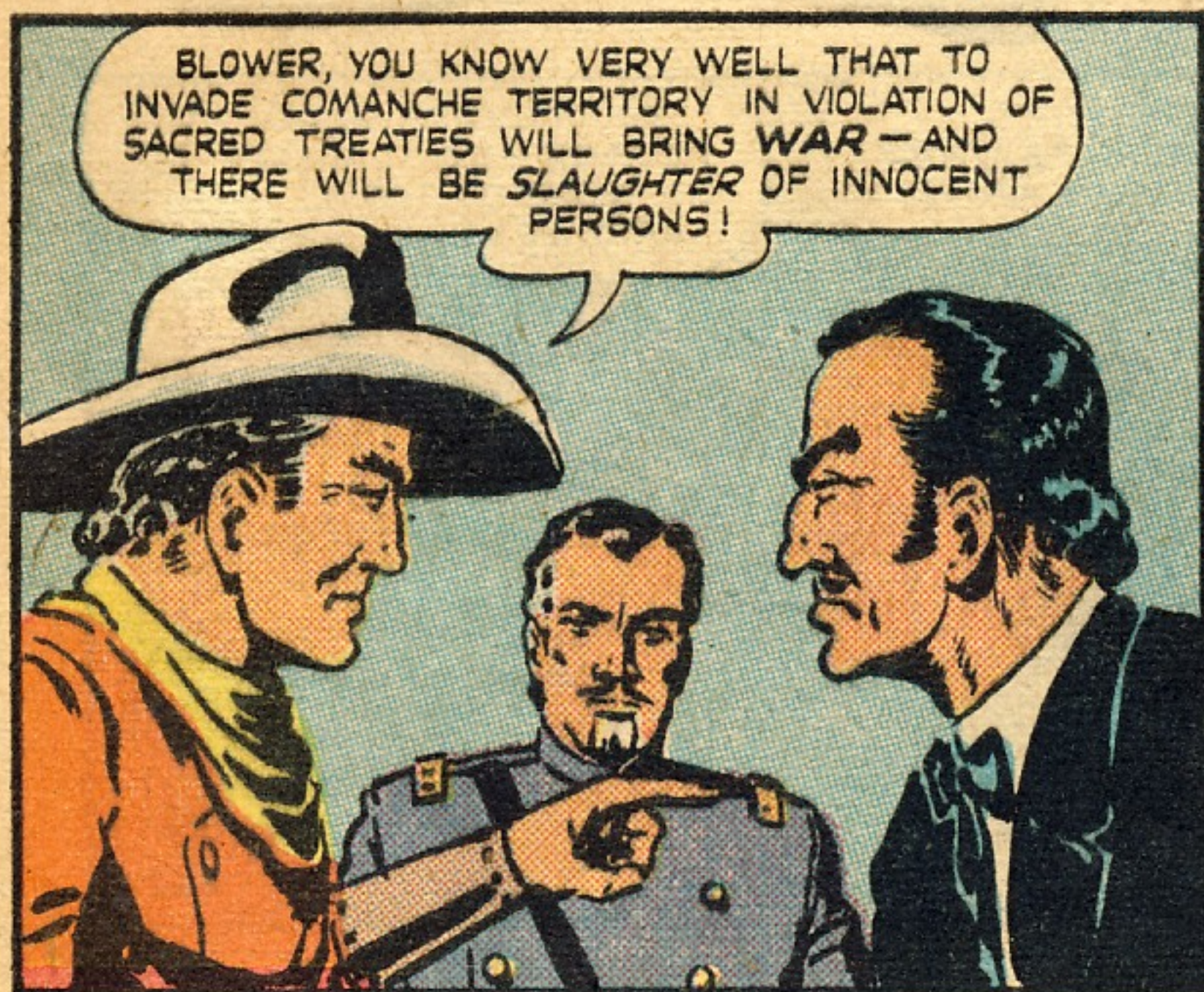


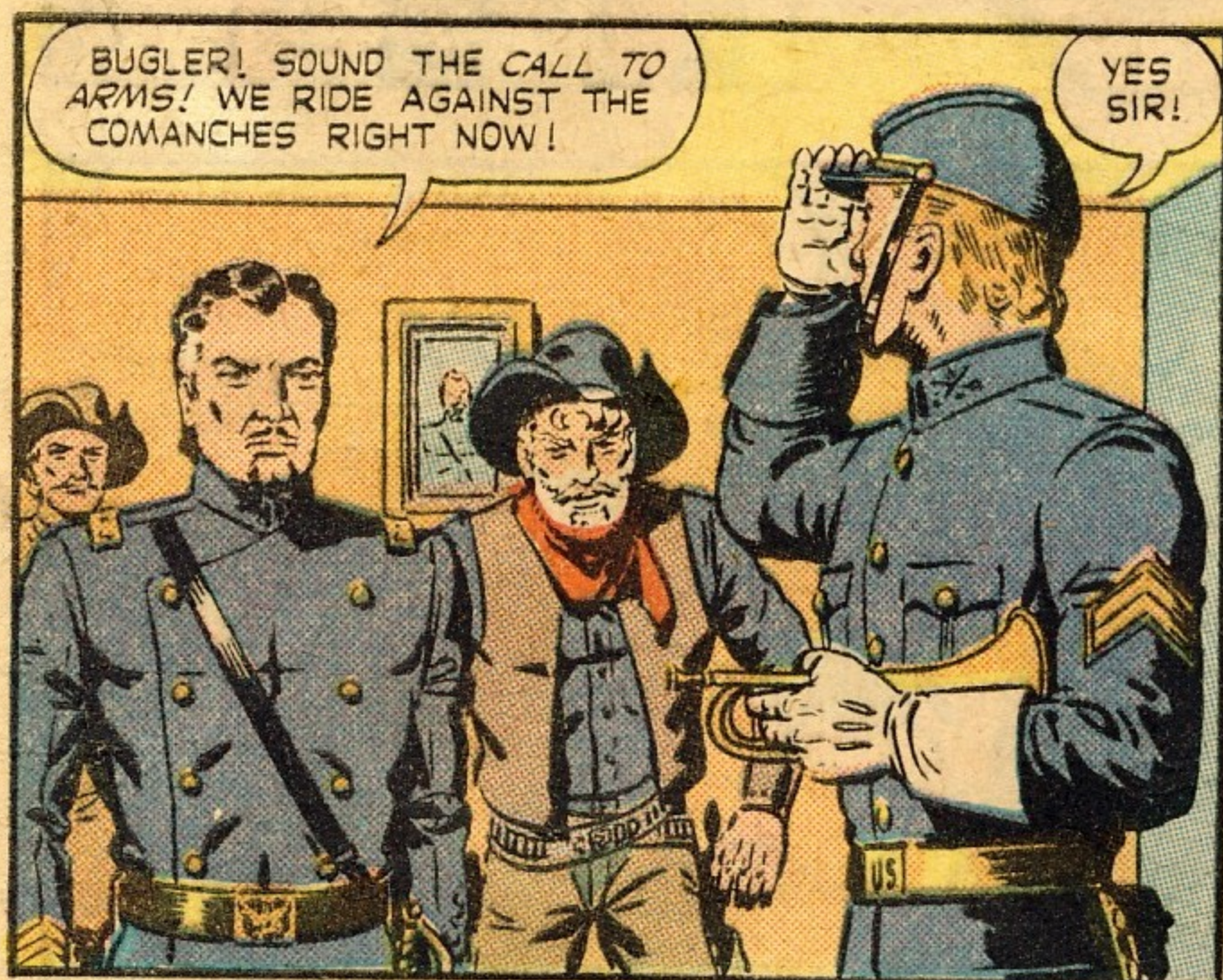
EVERY
DAY — A
NEW CRIME!

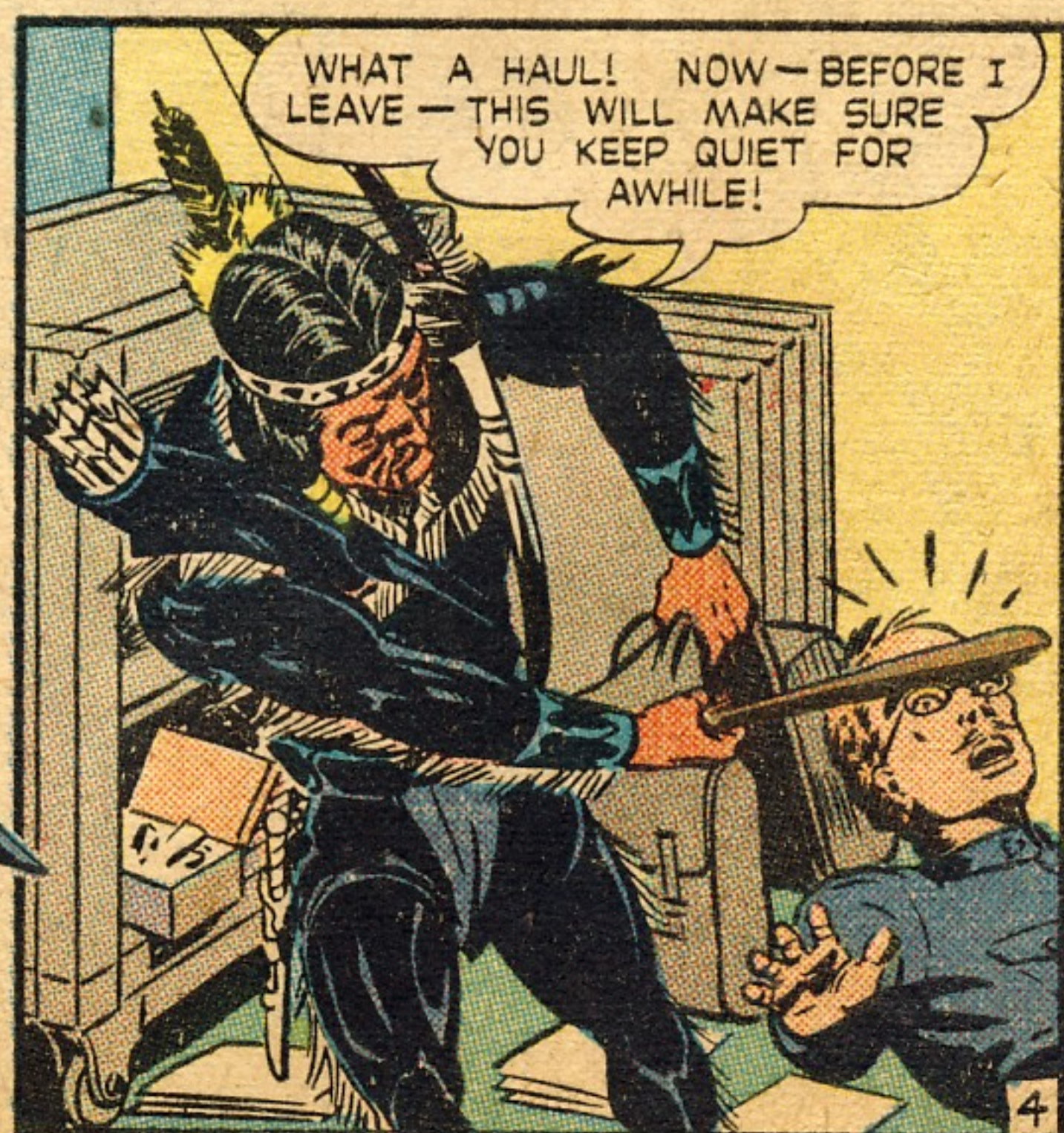
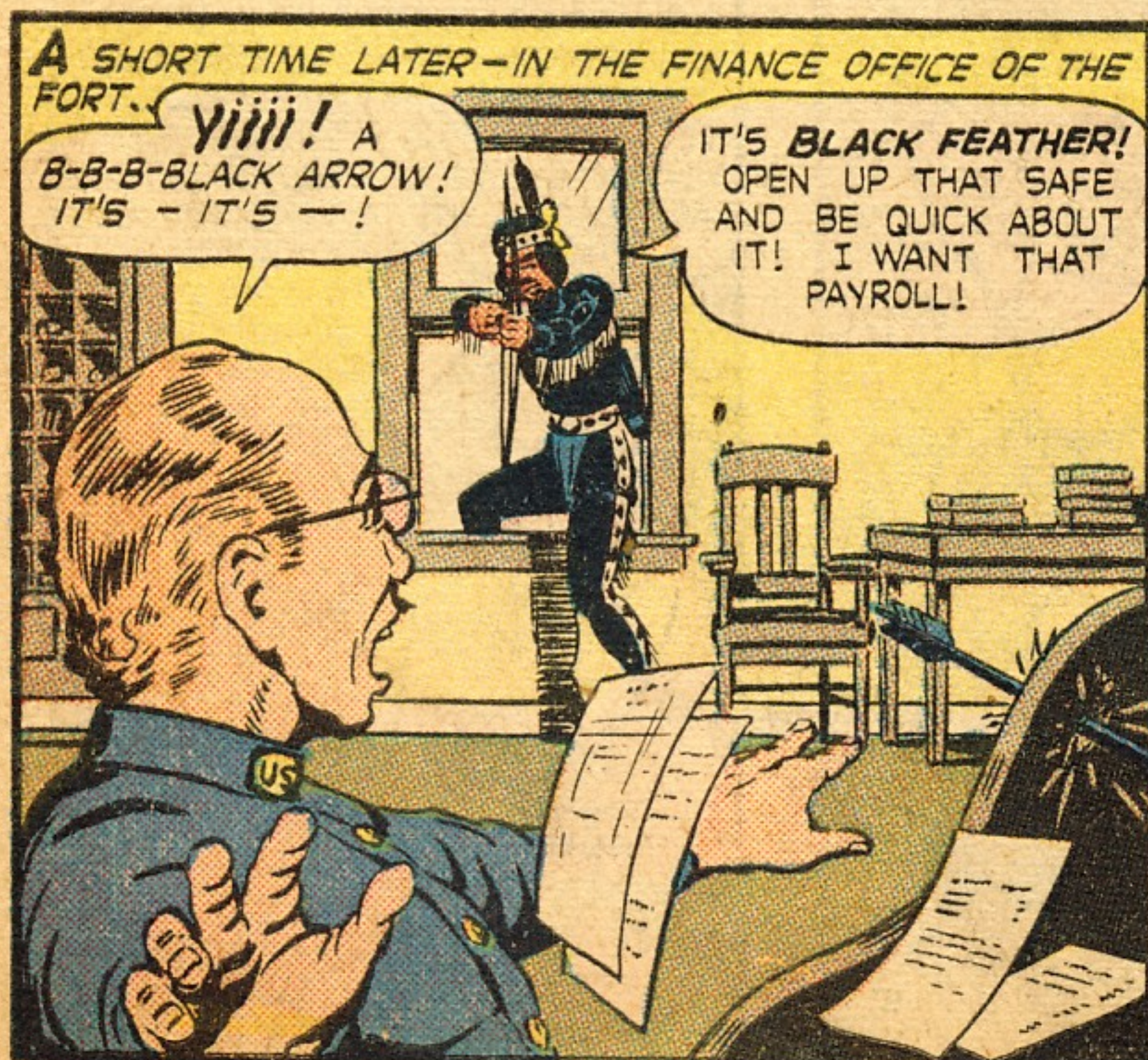
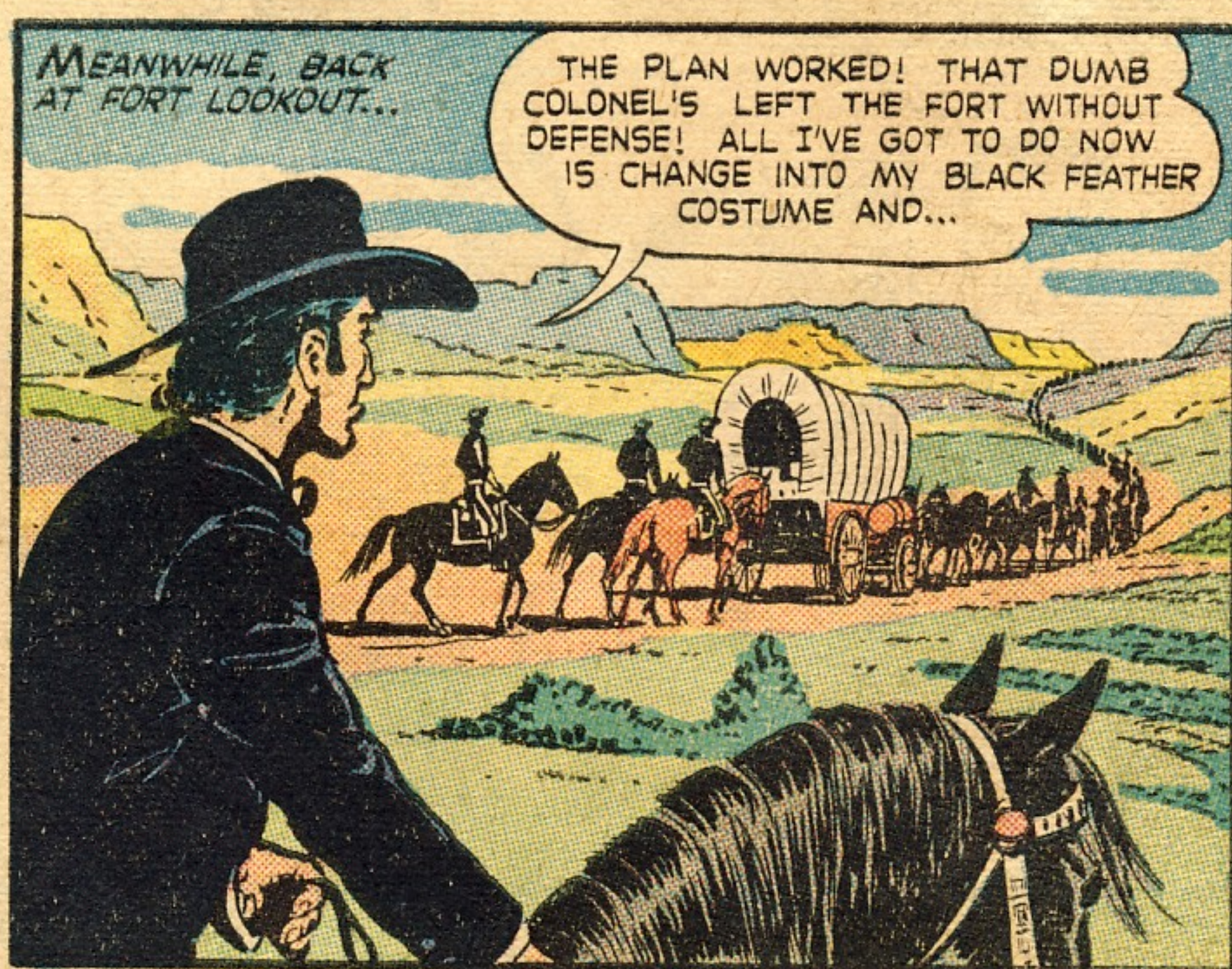
FOOLS — TO RAISE
A GUN AGAINST BLACK
FEATHER! HAND OVER
THAT PAYROLL!!

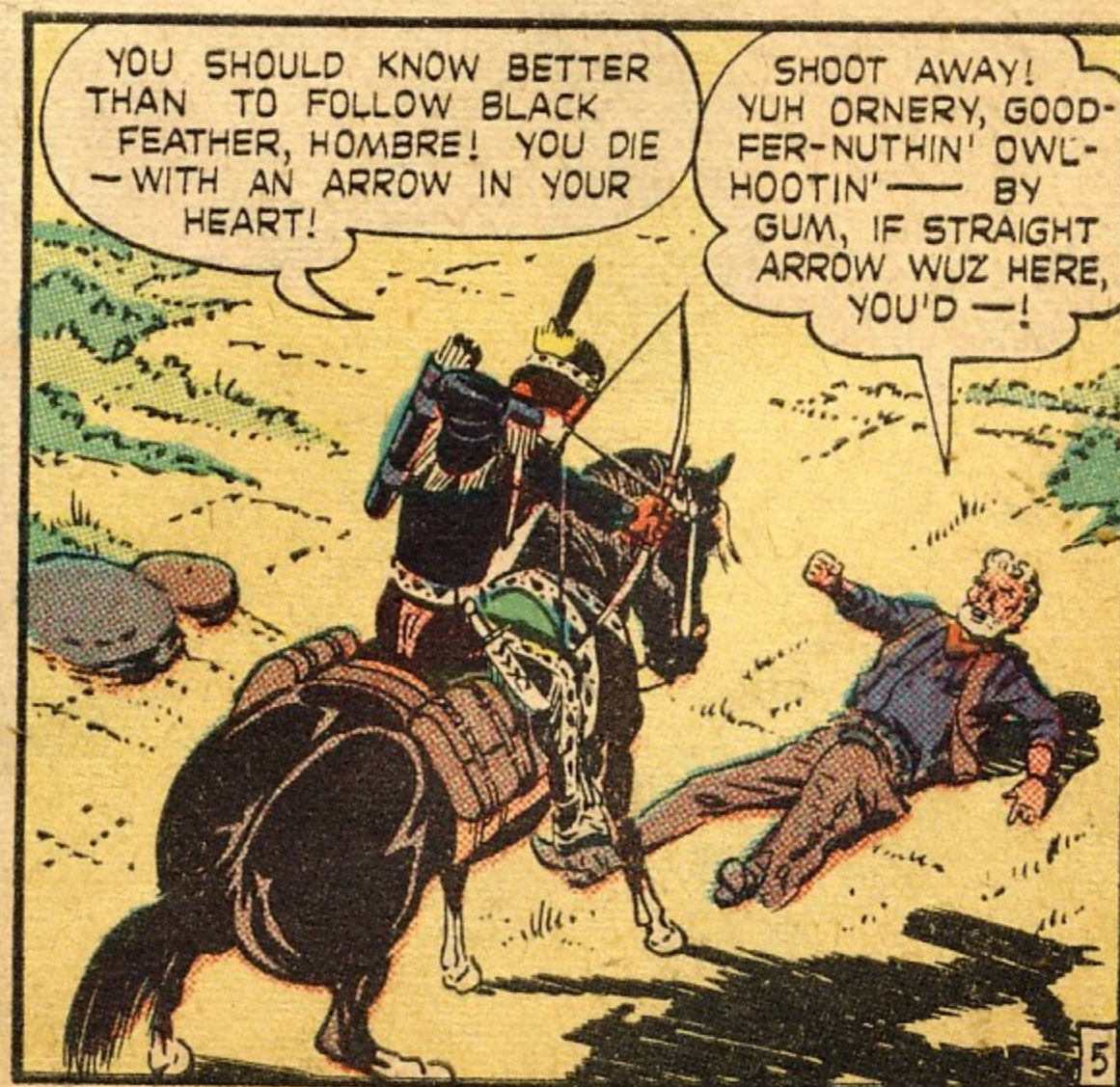
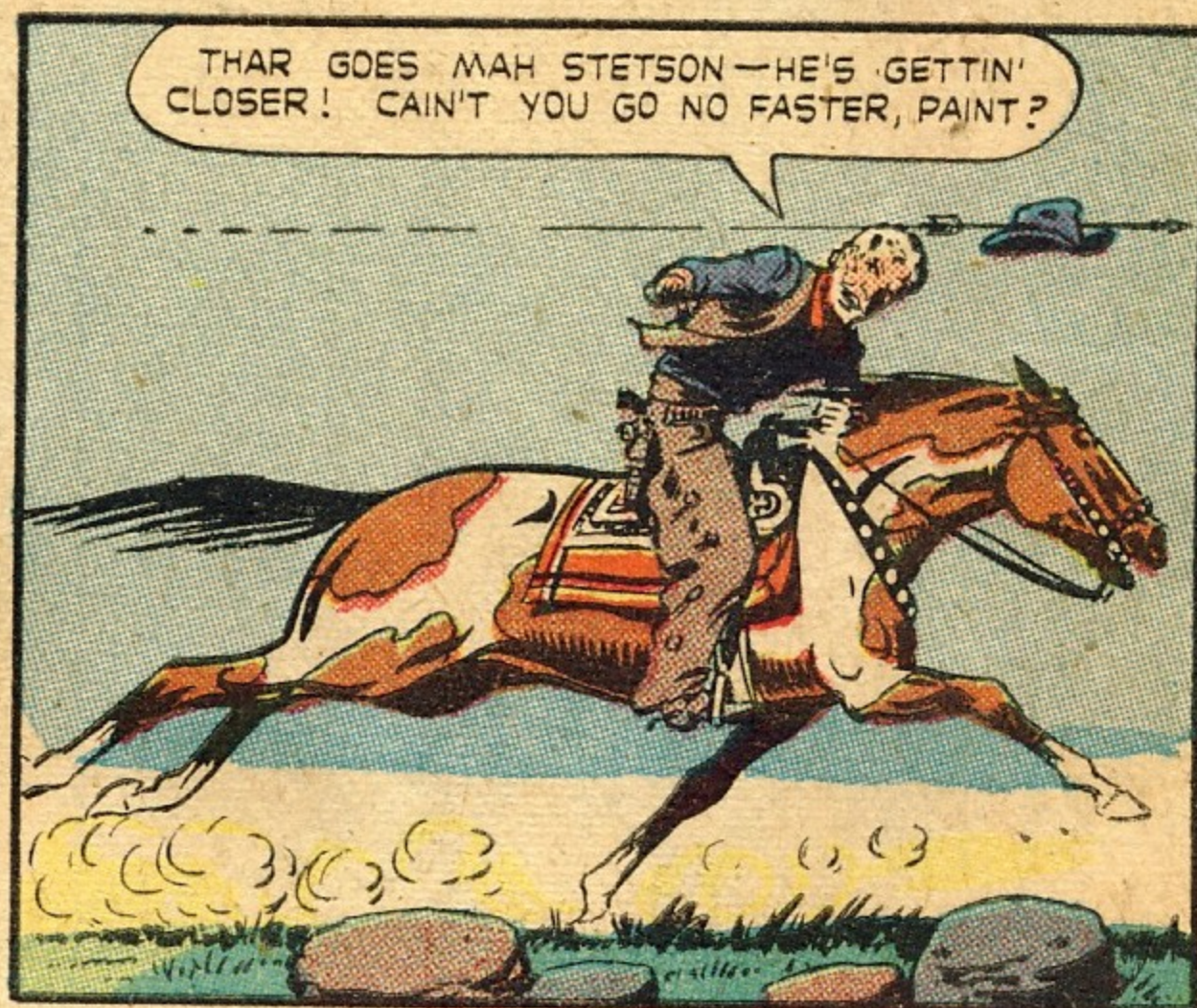
Y-Y-Y-YES,
B-B-BLACK FEATHER!
HYAR 'TIS!













BUT—THE BLACK ARROW STREAKING DOWN TO PACKY'S HEART, IS SUDDENLY INTERCEPTED BY ANOTHER ARROW OF SHINING GOLD!



BLACK FEATHER! I KNEW I'D FIND YOU SOMEHOW!

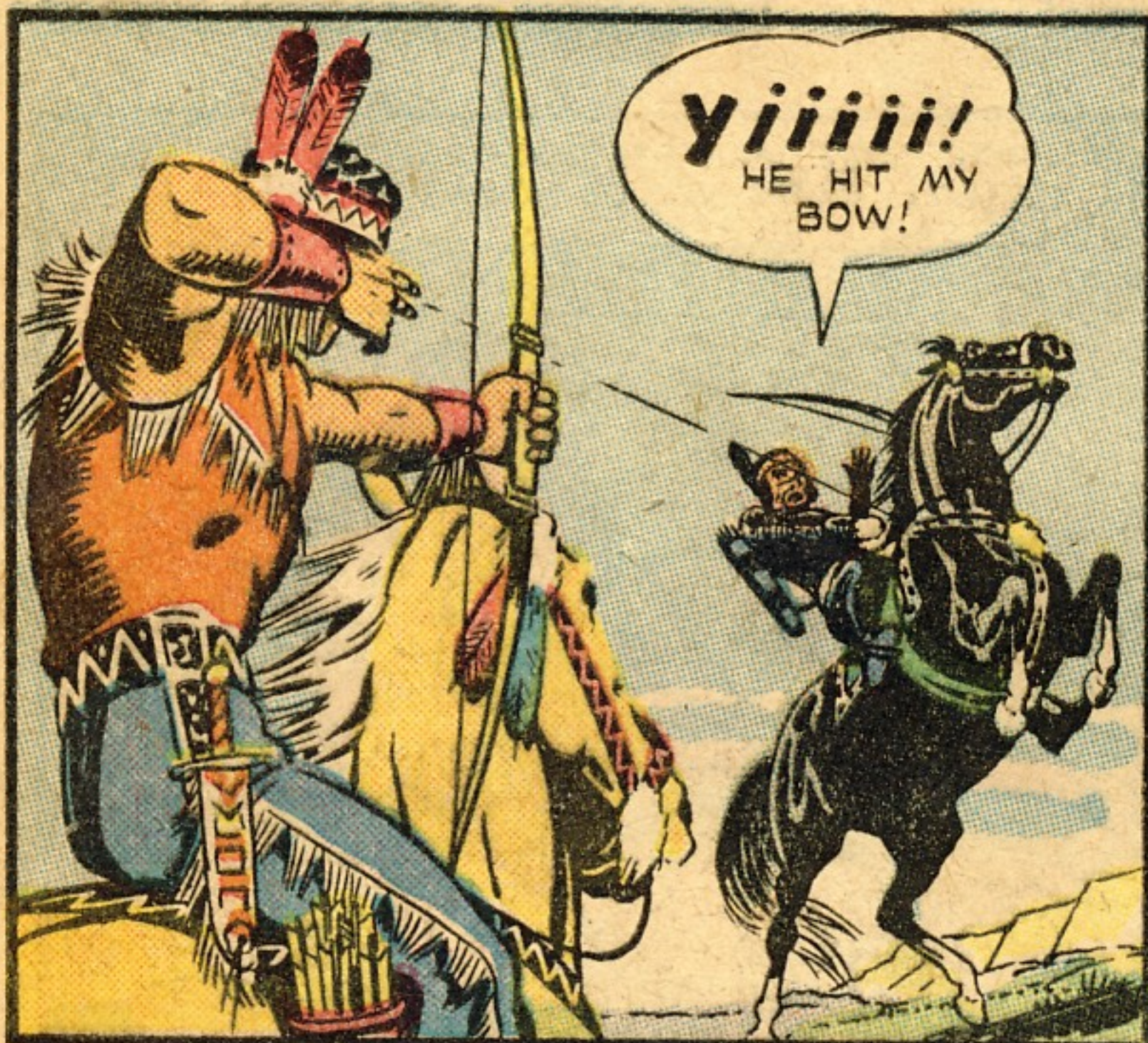
STRAIGHT ARROW! GOOD! NOW WE'LL REALLY SEE WHO'S THE BETTER MAN!



THE TWO MIGHTY FIGHTERS FACE EACH OTHER—AND THE BATTLE OF THE GIANTS IS ON!

BLAZES! HE SPLITS EVERY ARROW I SHOOT! IMPOSSIBLE!

THIS GAME OF MARKSMANSHIP IS BEGINNING TO TIRE ME, DESERT RAT!



Yiiiiiii! HE HIT MY BOW!

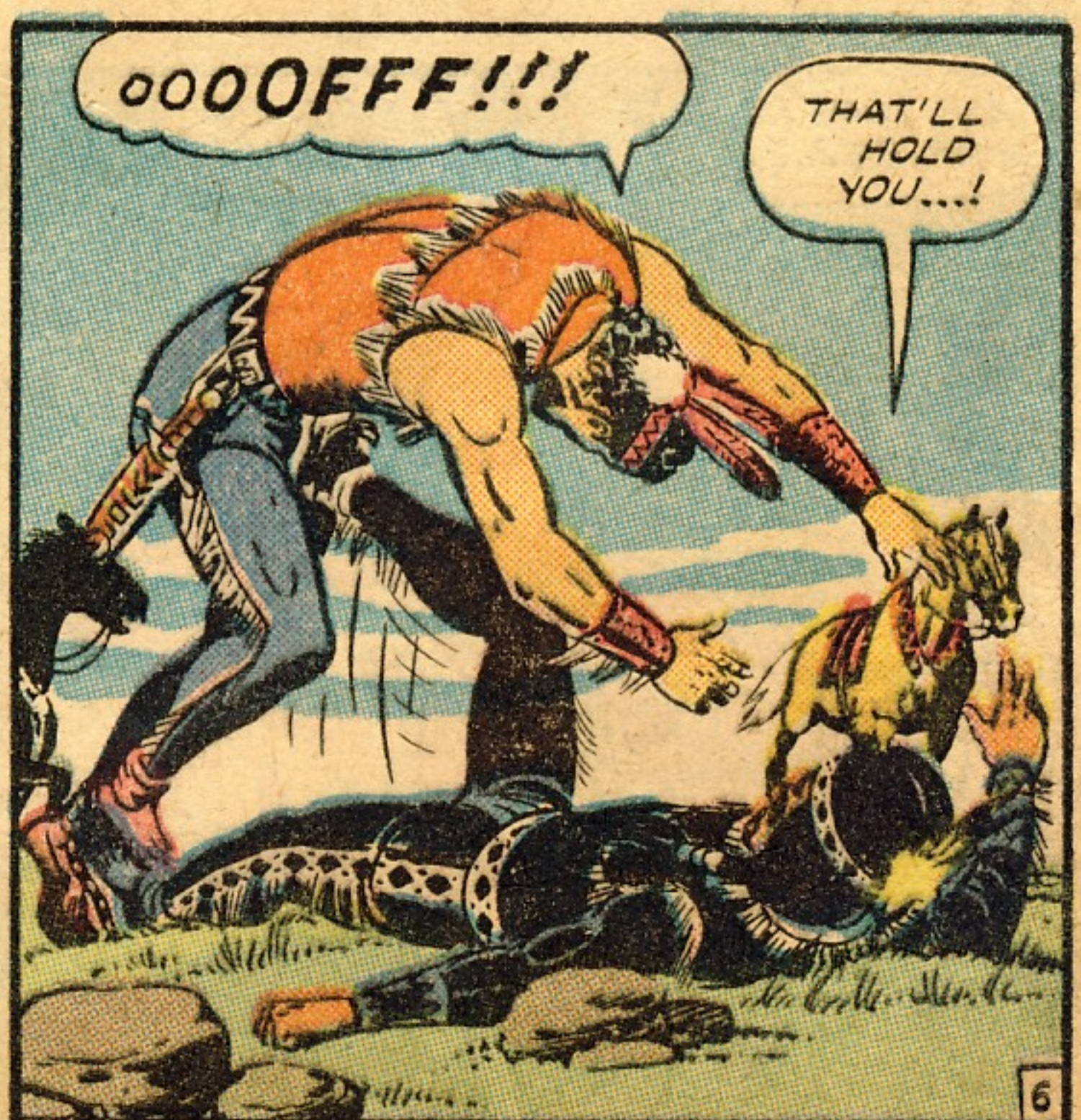


LET OUR BARE HANDS DECIDE THIS! STAY OUT OF THIS, PACKY—THIS IS BETWEEN BLACK FEATHER AND ME!



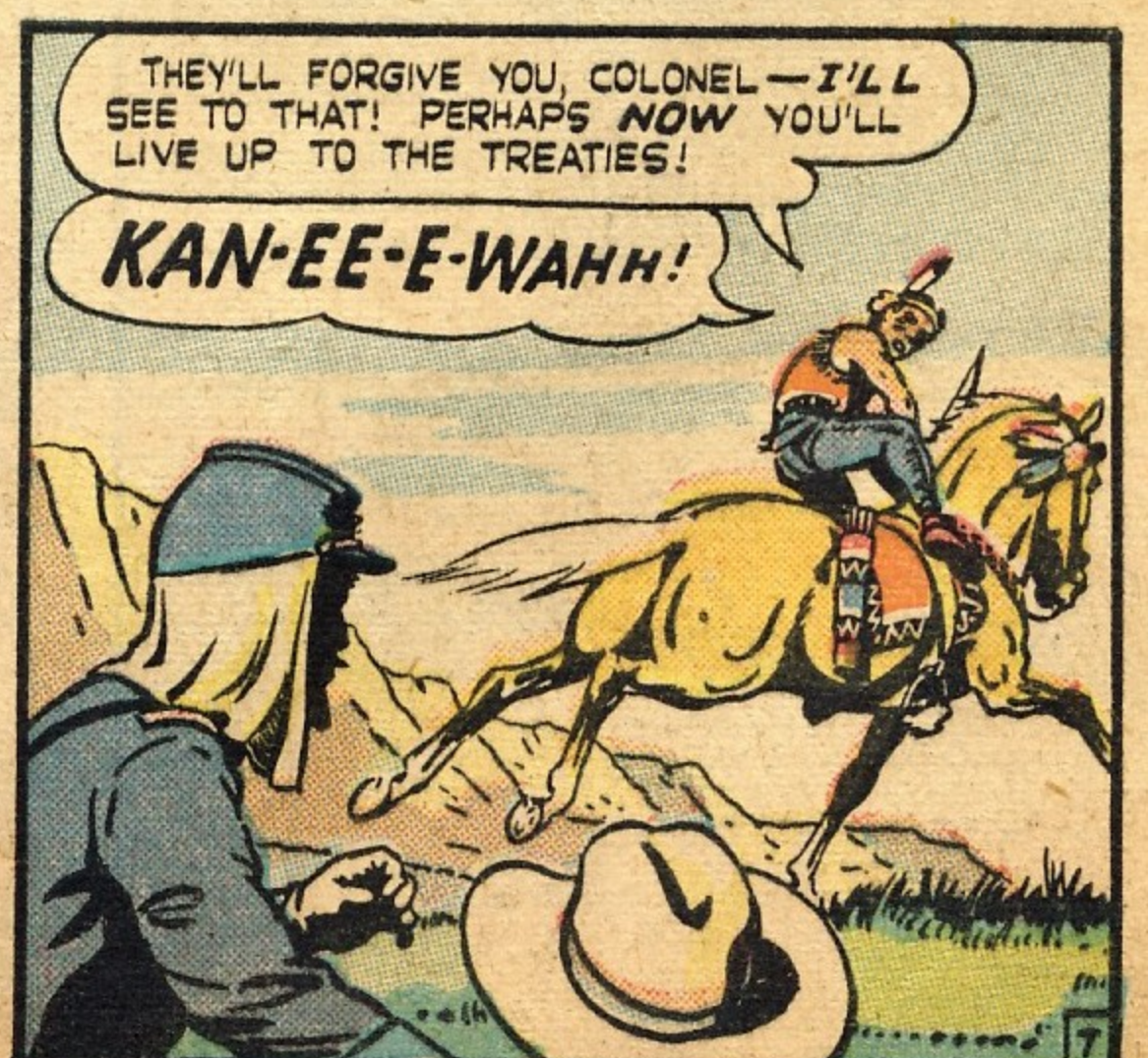
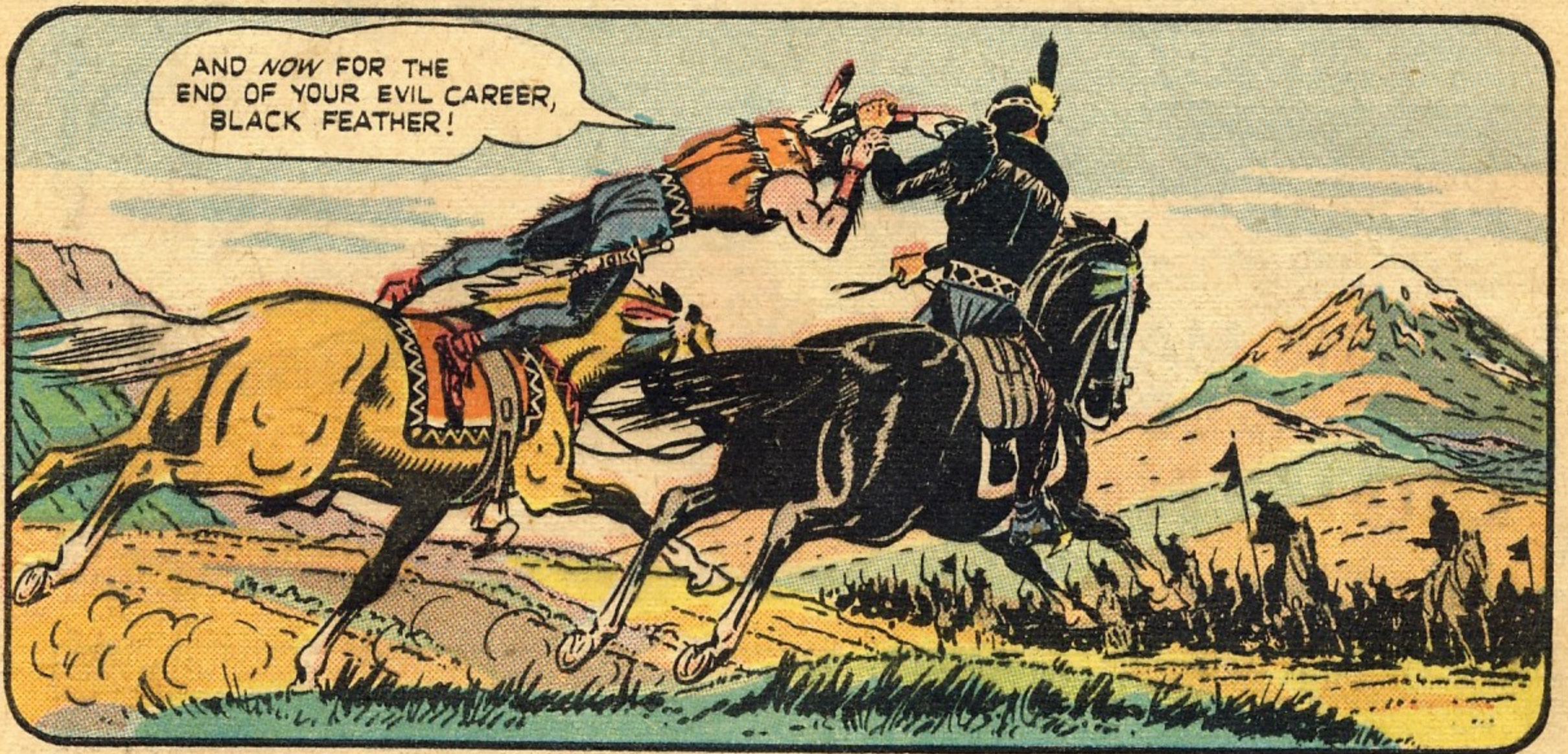
THIS HOMBRE IS TOO MUCH FOR ME... I'D BETTER CLEAR OUT!

ZOWIE!



OOOFFFF!!!

THAT'LL HOLD YOU...!

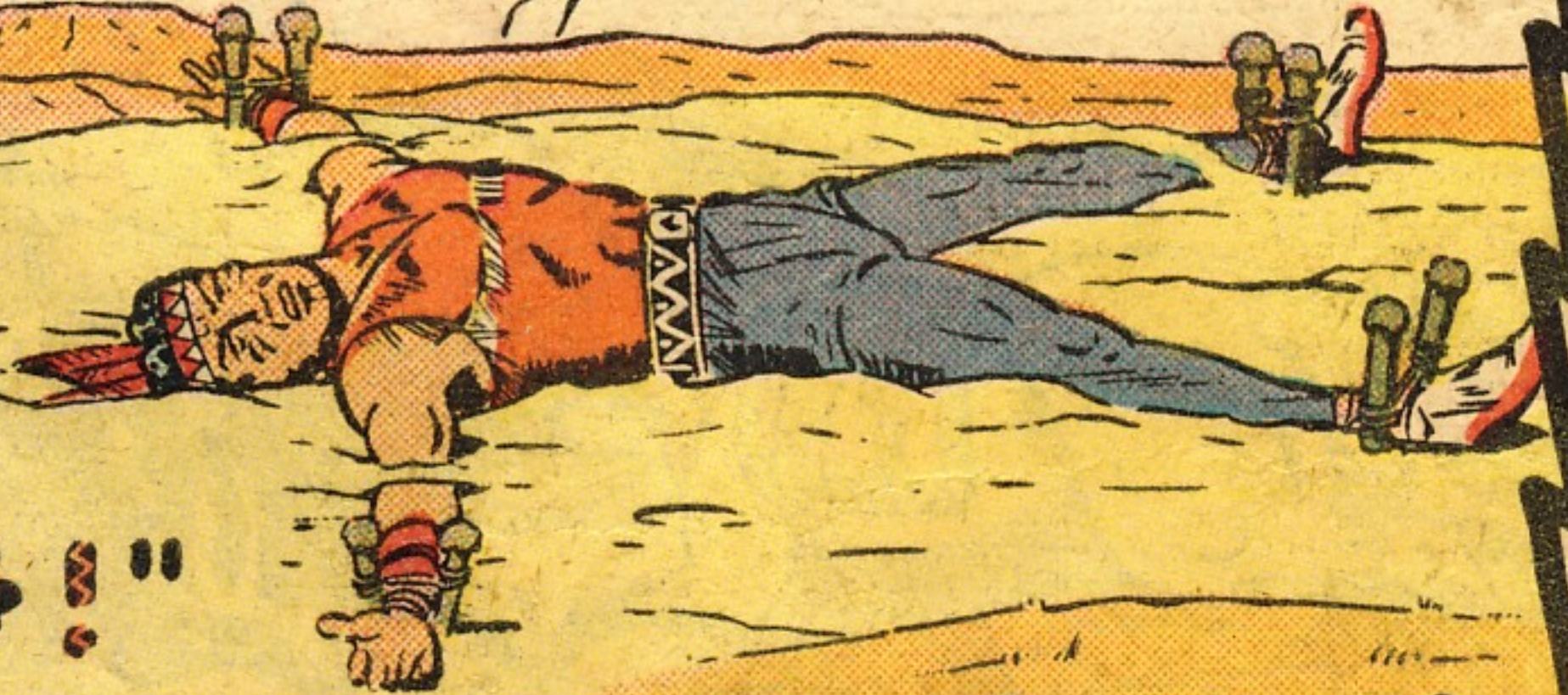


STRAIGHT ARROW

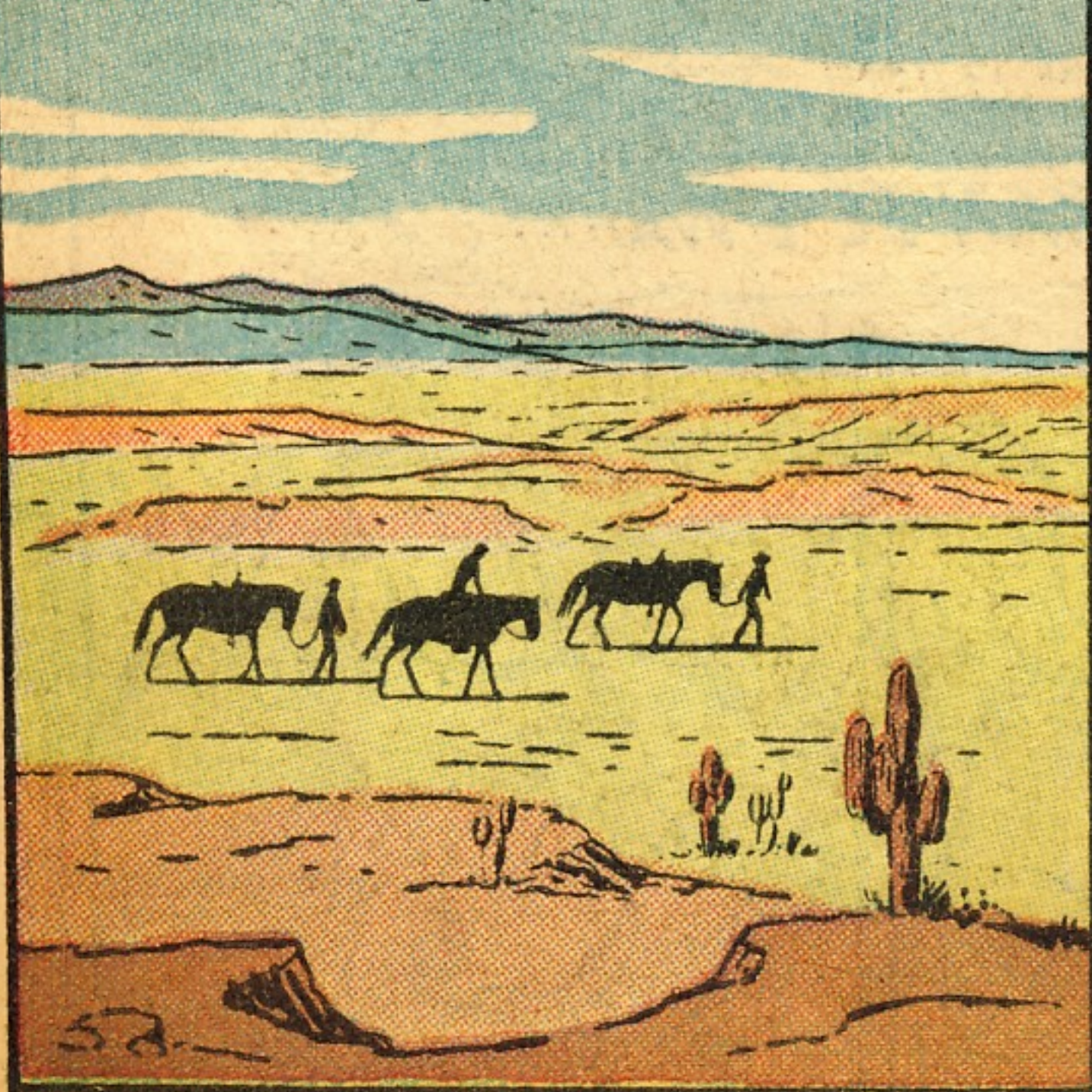
BOUND BY RAWHIDE THONGS TO FOUR STAKES, SPREADEAGLED ON THE BURNING DESERT SANDS, STRAIGHT ARROW FACES DREADFUL DEATH BY THE CRUEL HANDS OF RENEGADE WARRIORS! AND WHILE DEATH COMES CLOSER TO THE MIGHTY COMANCHE CHIEFTAIN, THOSE SAME RENEGADES PREPARE TO SPREAD FIRE AND WAR AMONG THE RANCHERS OF THE FRONTIER!...

CAN STRAIGHT ARROW
ESCAPE? —
CAN HE RISE FROM THE
SANDS THAT SING OF
DEATH TO FULFILL THE
ANCIENT PROPHECY AND
BECOME —

"THE MAN
WHO HELD THE
LIGHTNING!"



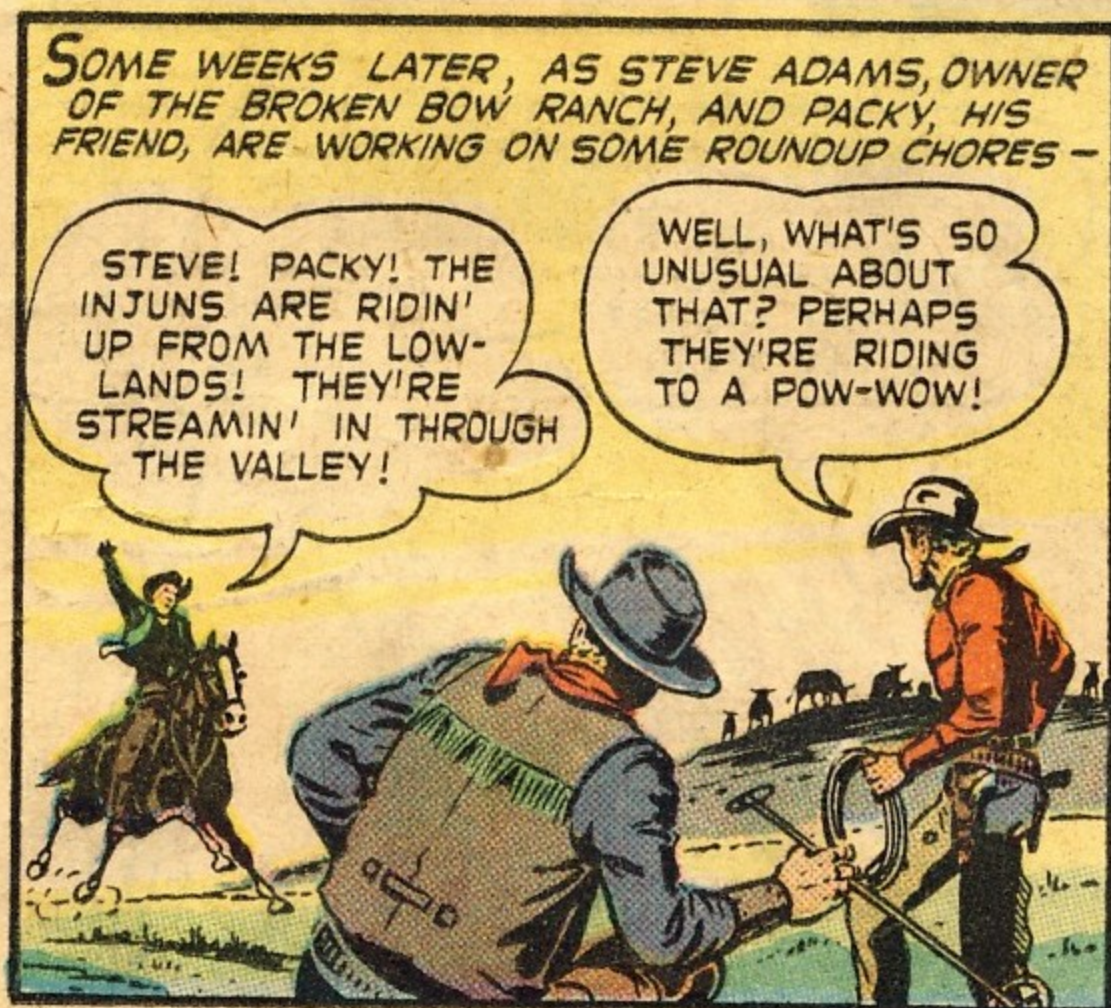
MANY MILES SOUTH OF SUNDOWN VALLEY ARE THE HARSH WHITE DESERT SANDS OF THE GIANT'S WHITE OVEN. ACROSS THIS SEEMINGLY ENDLESS EXPANSE MOVE THREE MEN ON JADED HORSES, STAGGERING, EXHAUSTED BY HEAT AND THIRST.



LISTEN, YUH OWLHOOTS!
DO YUH HEAR IT? SINGING!
OUT HERE ON THE DESERT--
THERE'S SOMEBODY
— SINGING!

I DON'T... HEAR
NOTHIN'! I JUST
KEEP THINKIN' ABOUT
THAT SHERIFF'S
POSSE FOLLOWIN'
US!





SOME LITTLE DISTANCE FROM THE BROKEN BOW RANCH, IN A HIDDEN CAVE WHOSE ENTRANCE IS KNOWN ONLY TO STEVE ADAMS AND PACKY IS A GREAT GOLDEN PALOMINO. ON THE WALLS OF THE CAVE ARE COMANCHE WEAPONS AND COMANCHE GARB...

EASY, BIG HORSE! IT IS I—
STRAIGHT ARROW!

STEVE ADAMS, RANCHER, DIS-APPEARS—AND IN HIS PLACE A GREAT STALWART INDIAN, ASTRIDE A GIANT GOLDEN STALLION, THUNDERS OUT INTO THE SUNLIGHT...

**KANEEWAH
FURY!
KANEE-
WAH!**

HOURS LATER, IN THE SHADOW OF THE ARAPAHO SMOKE-FLAP POLES...

I HAVE HEARD THAT STRANGE SPIRITS HAVE COME AMONG YOU, CHIEF TALL BEAR! ARE THOSE TRUE WORDS?

TRUE WORDS, COMANCHE FRIEND! THE GREAT SPIRIT DWELLS IN THE GOD-SAND, THAT PREDICTS GREAT DEEDS FOR MY HOT-HEADED BRAVES!

THE GOD-SAND TELLS MY WARRIORS THEY WILL CONQUER EVERYONE—WHITE MEN, SIOUX, CHEYENNE, BLACKFOOT! THAT THE ARAPAHO NATION WILL SOON RULE FROM THE MIGHTY OCEAN TO THE FATHER OF THE WATERS! ALREADY THE OLD WAR SONGS RING OUT! THE WAR PAINT COVERS OUR WARRIORS!

THE BLUECOAT SOLDIERS OF THE GREAT WHITE FATHER WILL COME AND SHOOT YOUR YOUNG MEN IF THEY ARE THIS FOOLISH, TALL BEAR! I WILL RIDE MYSELF AND SEE THIS GOD-SAND!

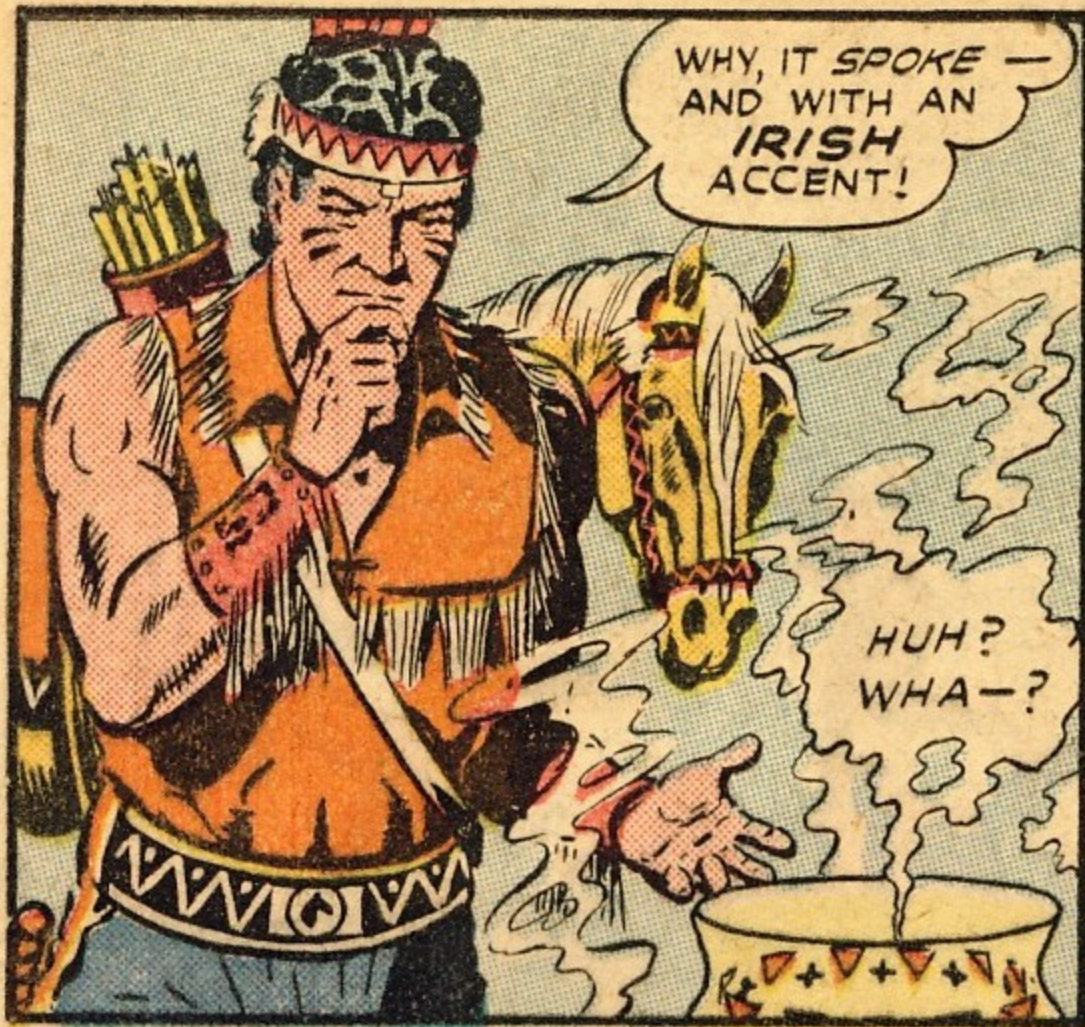
GOOD FORTUNE ATTEND YOU, STRAIGHT ARROW!

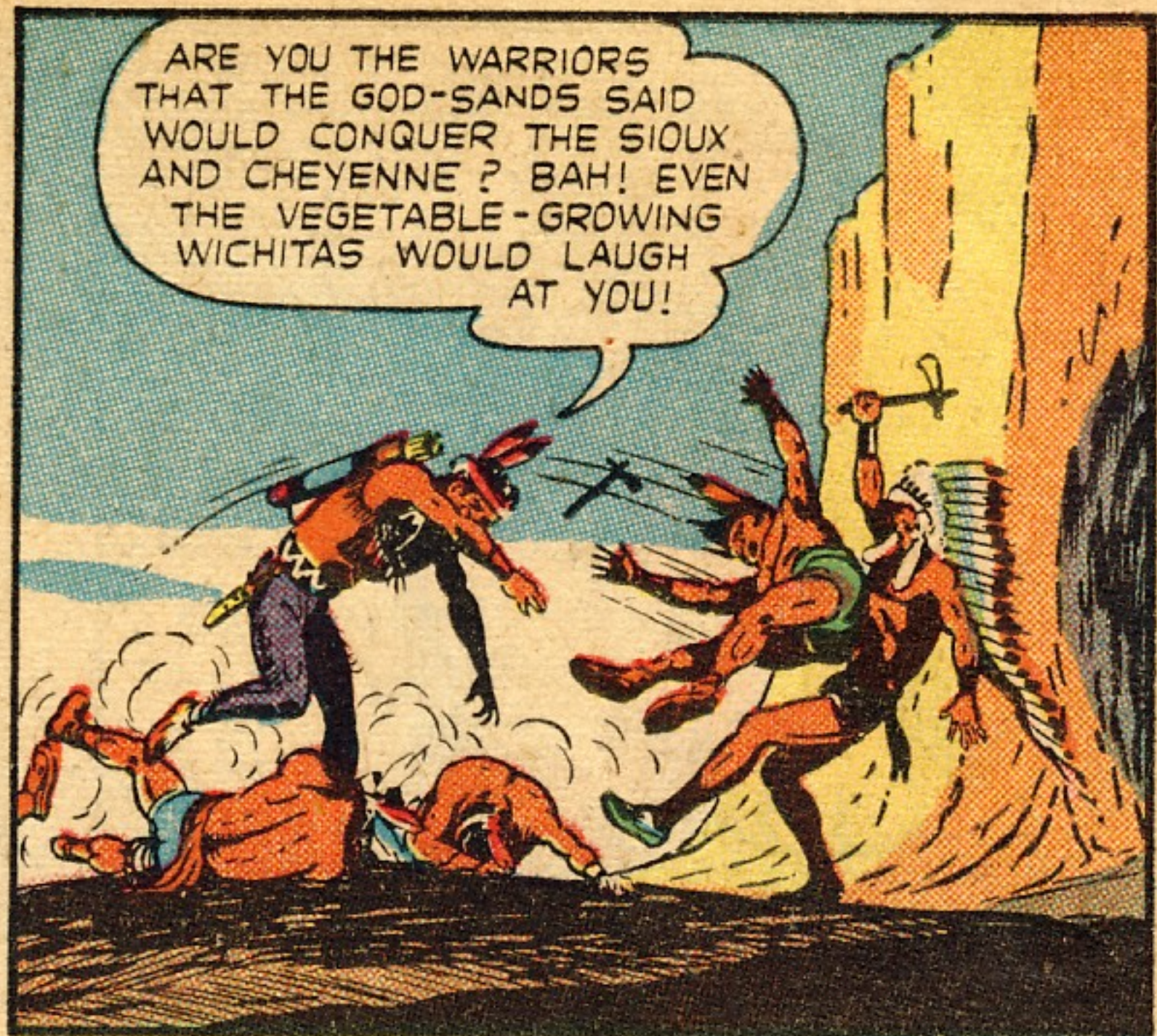
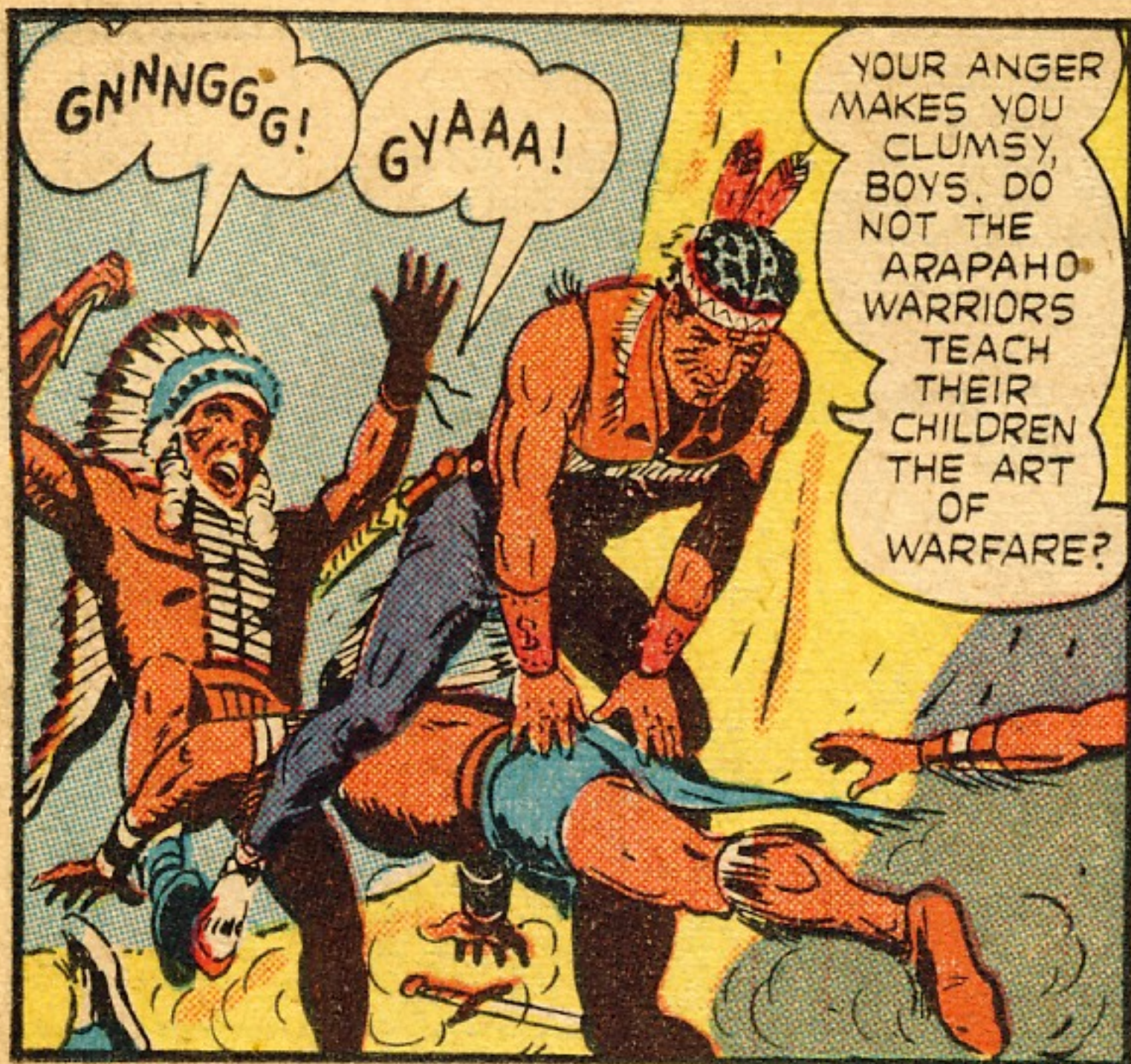
-SIGH- STRAIGHT ARROW WILL FAIL. MY YOUNG MEN ARE CRAZED WITH THE WORDS OF THE GOD-SAND! IT HAS MADE THEM LIKE WOLVES—MAD FOR THE VICTORY!

STRAIGHT ARROW SOON REINS UP BEFORE THE MISTY CAVE WHERE RESTS THE GOD-SAND.

SO THIS IS WHAT THE ARAPAHO YOUTHS WORSHIP! A BIT OF DESERT SAND!

MOCK NOT, COMANCHE! I AM SHEHAB'ITSI! SPIRIT OF THE WINDS AND SANDS!





OUT INTO THE BURNING DESERT OF THE GIANT'S OVEN RIDE THE ANGRY ARAPAHOS. AND WITH THEM, BOUND AND HELPLESS, GOES STRAIGHT ARROW...



STAKES ARE DRIVEN DEEP INTO THE SAND! RAWHIDE THONGS ARE FASTENED TO THE STAKES, THEN KNOTTED ON WRISTS AND ANKLES!



WE RIDE NOW TO CARRY FIRE AND ARROW TO THE RANCHES!

WE CONQUER THEM FIRST— THEN THE SIOUX!

DIE, COMANCHE— THINKING OF THAT!



AS THE FIERCE DESERT HEAT BLAZES DOWN, STRAIGHT ARROW STRAINS AND STRUGGLES, BUT THE RAWHIDE THONGS ONLY HOLD HIM THE TIGHTER...

CAN'T MOVE A MUSCLE! THOSE BITS OF HIDE HOLD ME AS A TRAP HOLDS A RABBIT!



SLOWLY THE SUN MOVES ACROSS THE MOLTEN SKY, LIKE AN ANIMAL IN A FIRE, STRAIGHT ARROW BURNS AND ROASTS. BUT NO MOAN OR CRY OF PAIN LEAVES HIS LIPS.



MEANWHILE, BEFORE THE GOD-SAND, WAR-PAINTED ARAPAHO WARRIORS DANCE THEMSELVES INTO A RAGING FURY...



HAHAA! HAGA TSEI DA!

AHA! AHA!

KYA! KYA-AAA!

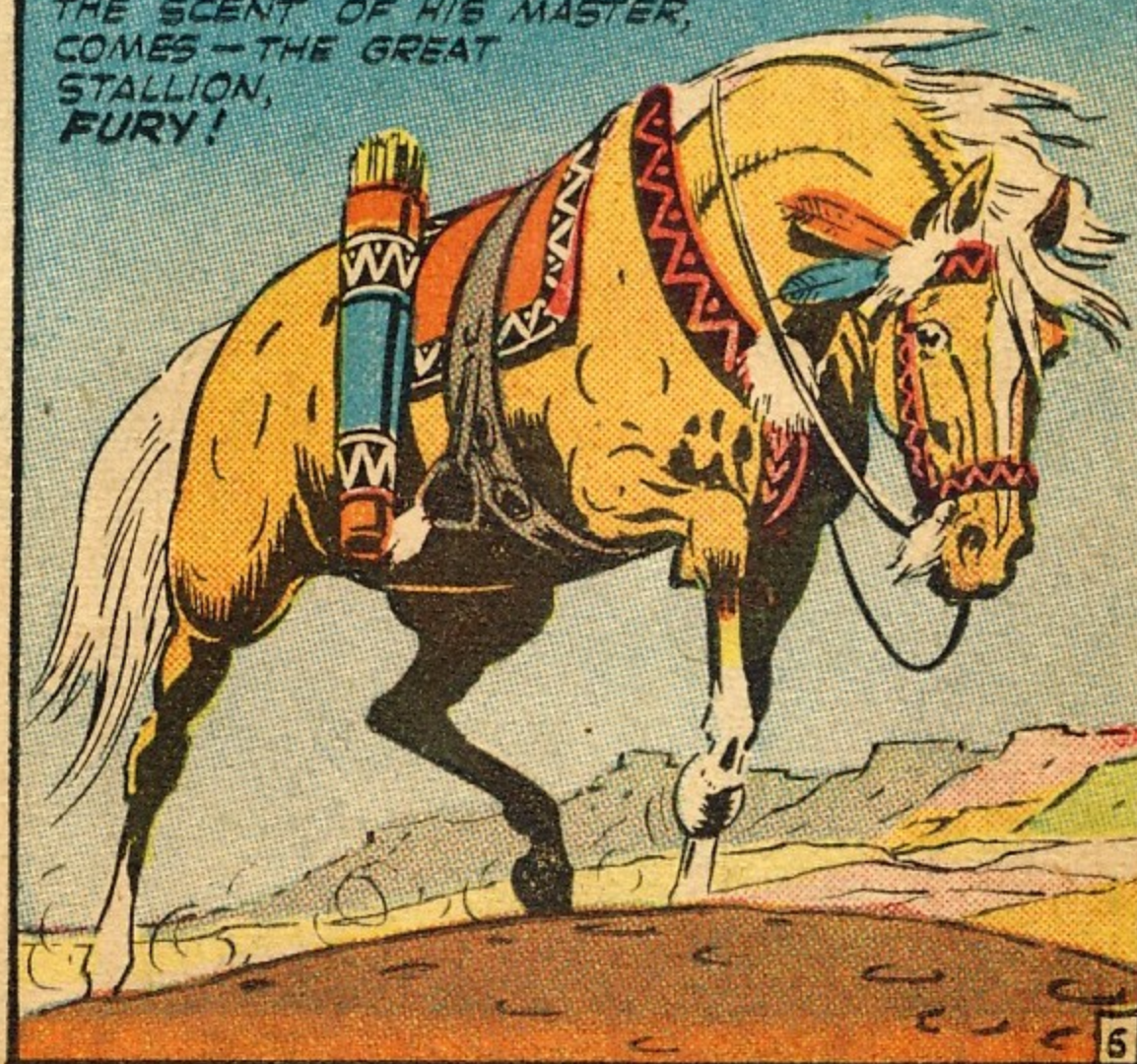
THOSE REDSKINS ARE REALLY WHIPPIN' THEMSELVES INTO A KILLIN' MOOD!

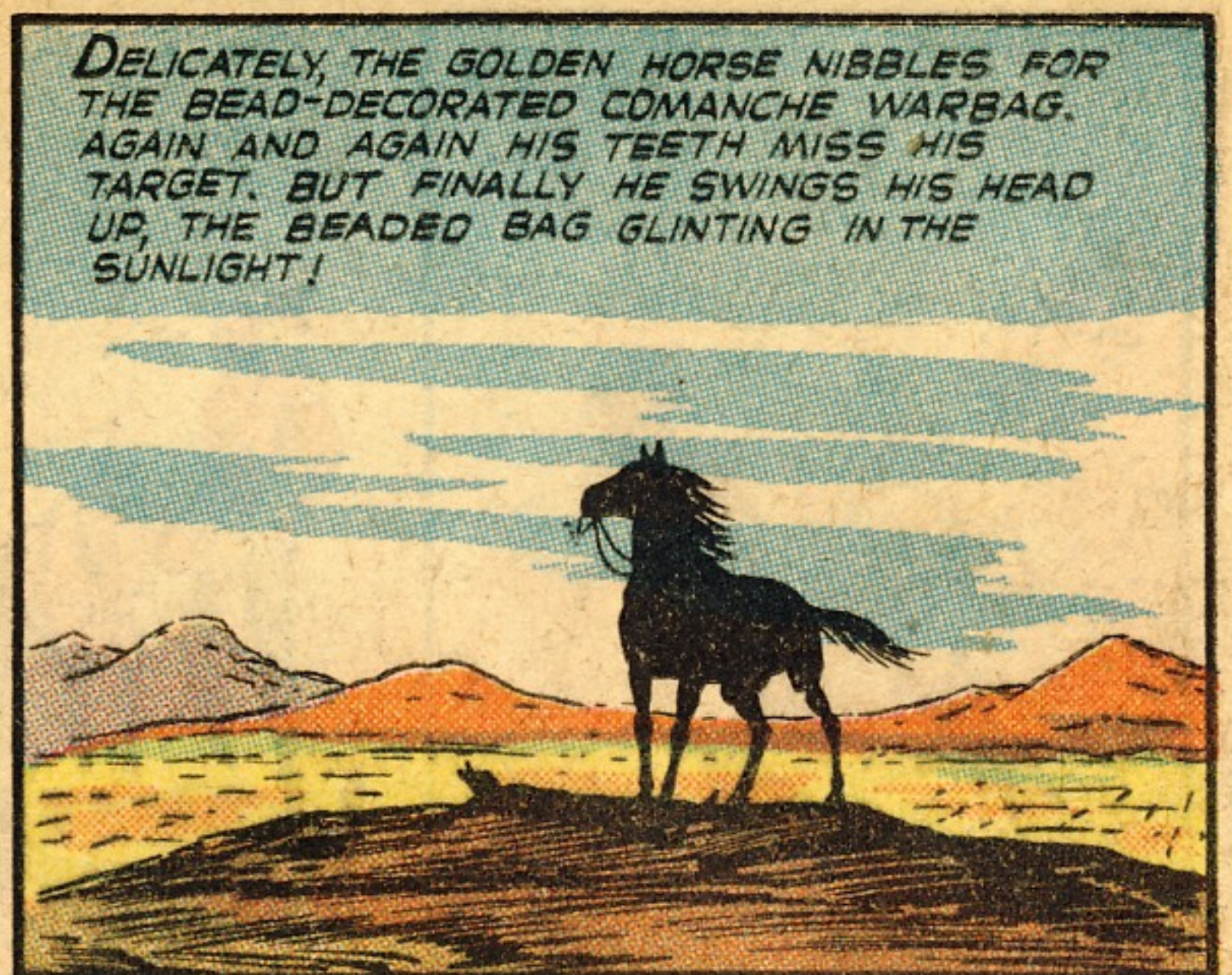
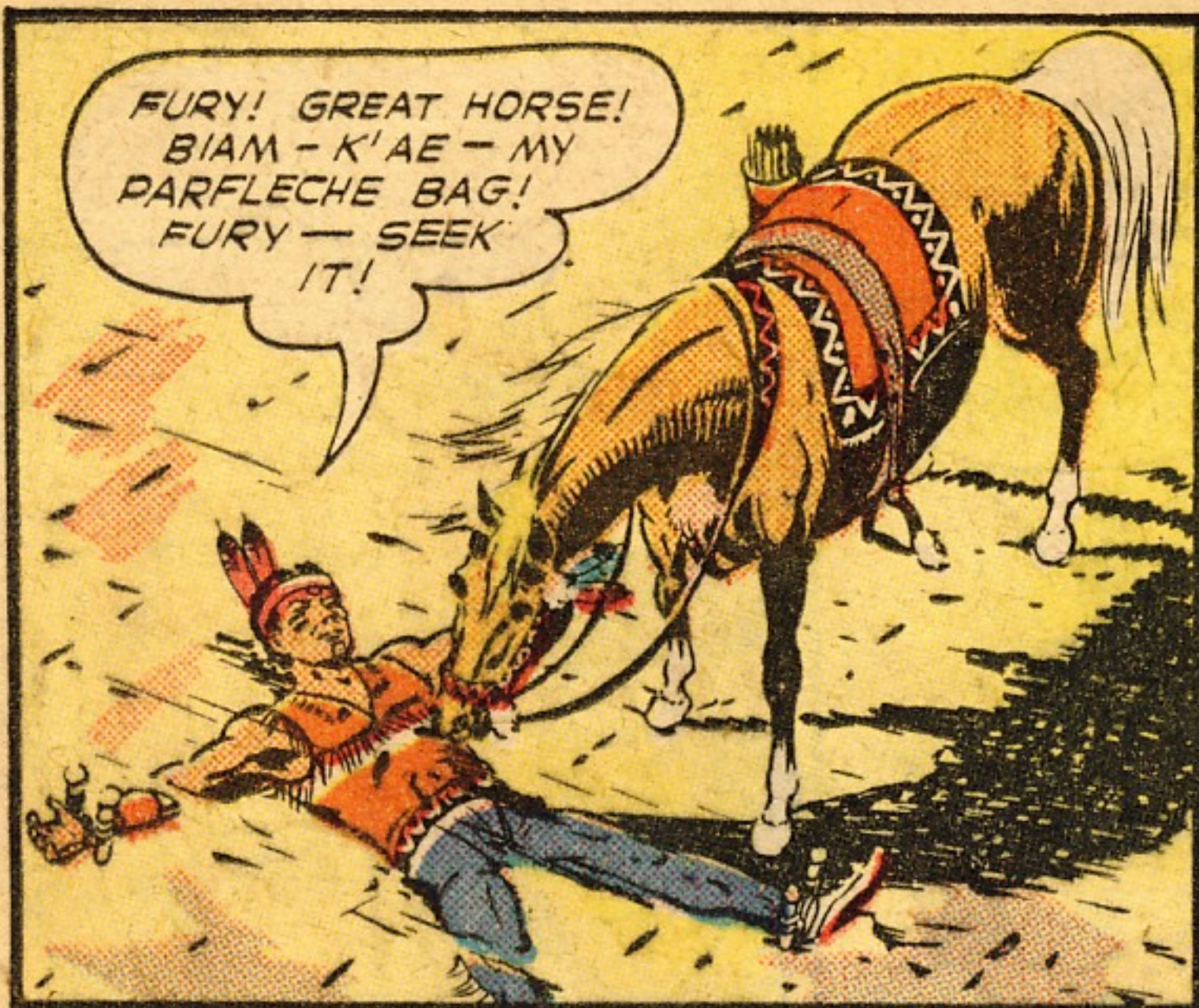
GOOD! WHEN THEY HIT THE SETTLEMENTS, NO SHERIFFS ARE GOIN' TO HAVE ANY POSSES TO CHASE US!

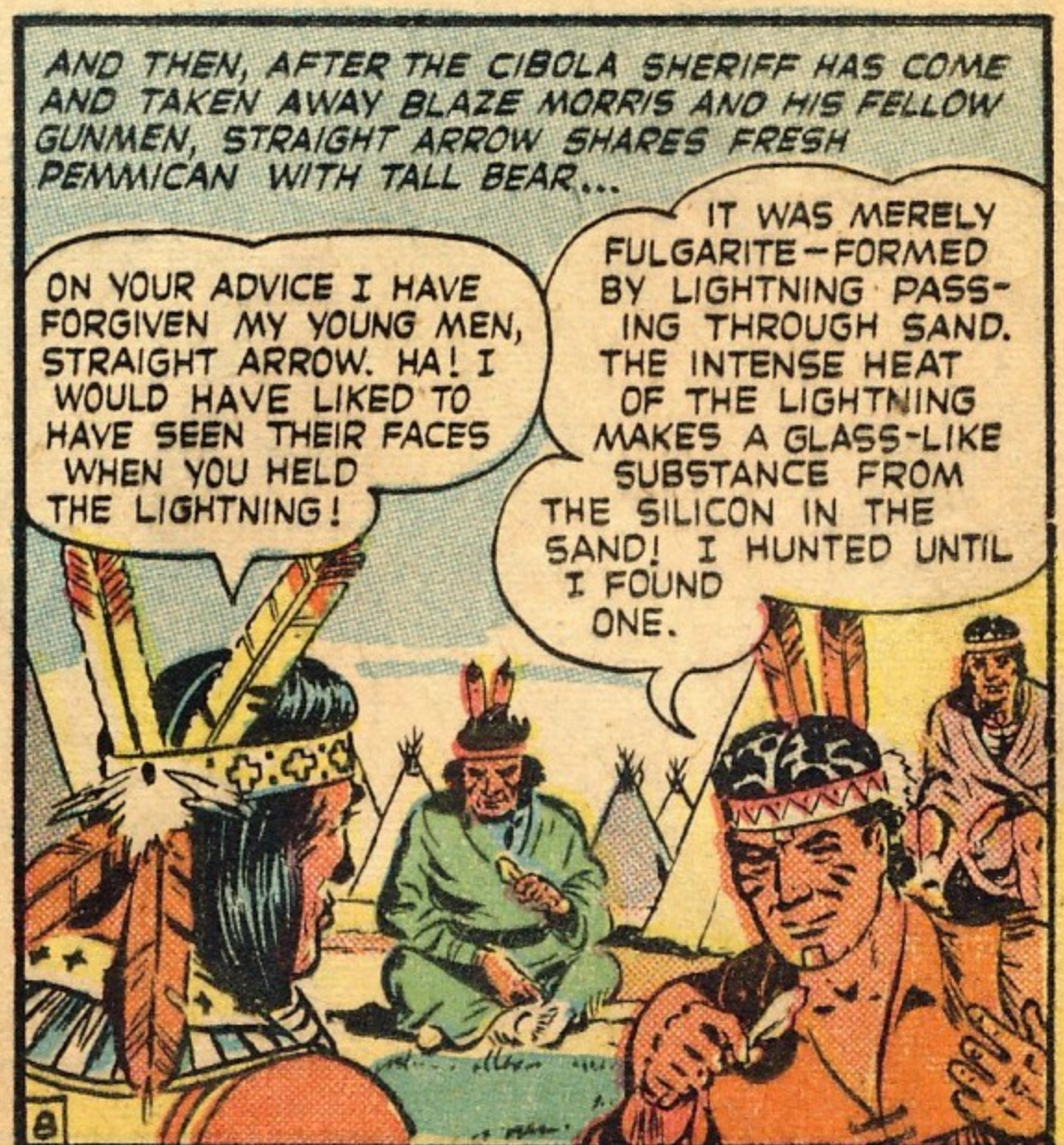
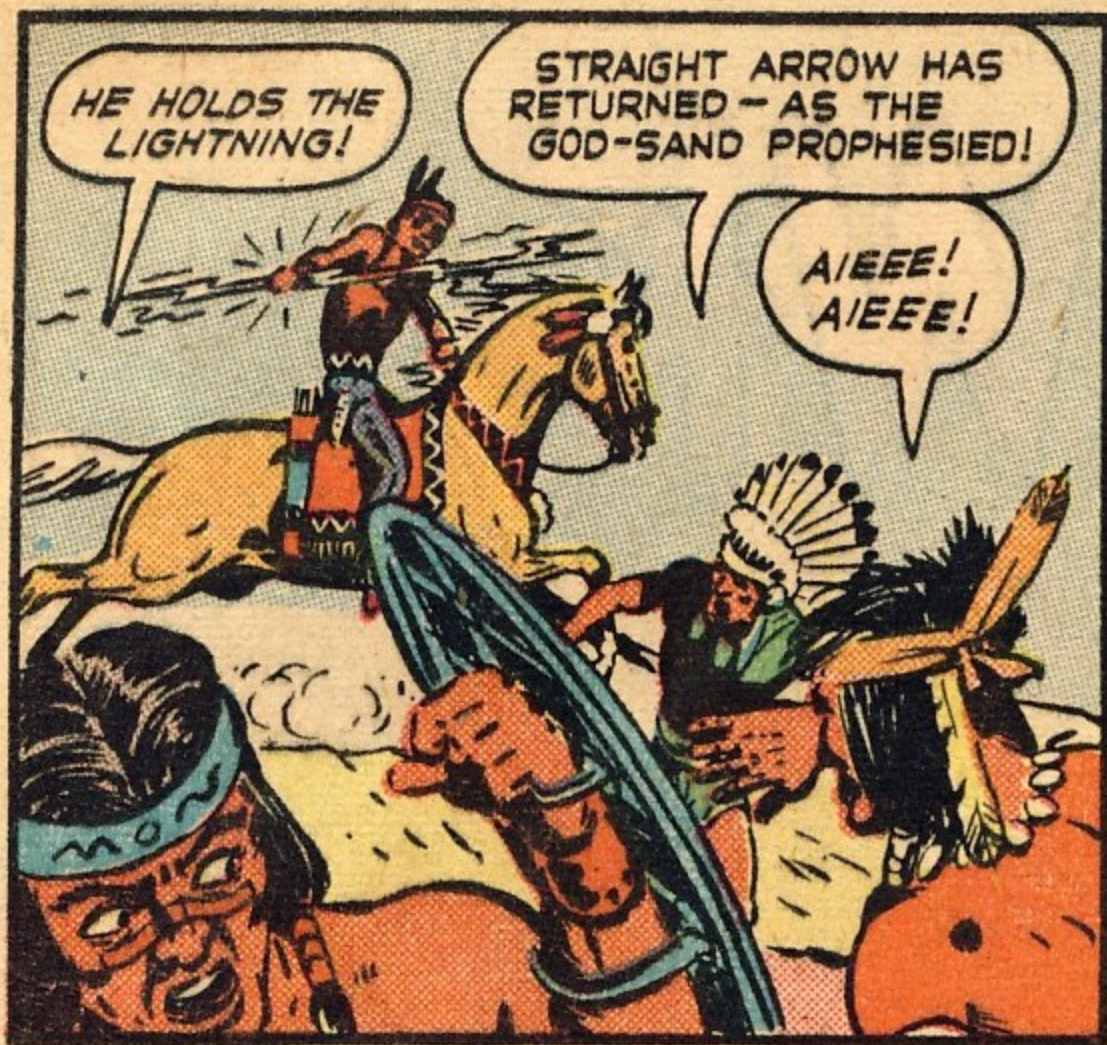
KEEREECT! THEY'LL BE OUT. HUNTING INJUNS— WHILE WE SLIP SOUTH TO THE BORDER!



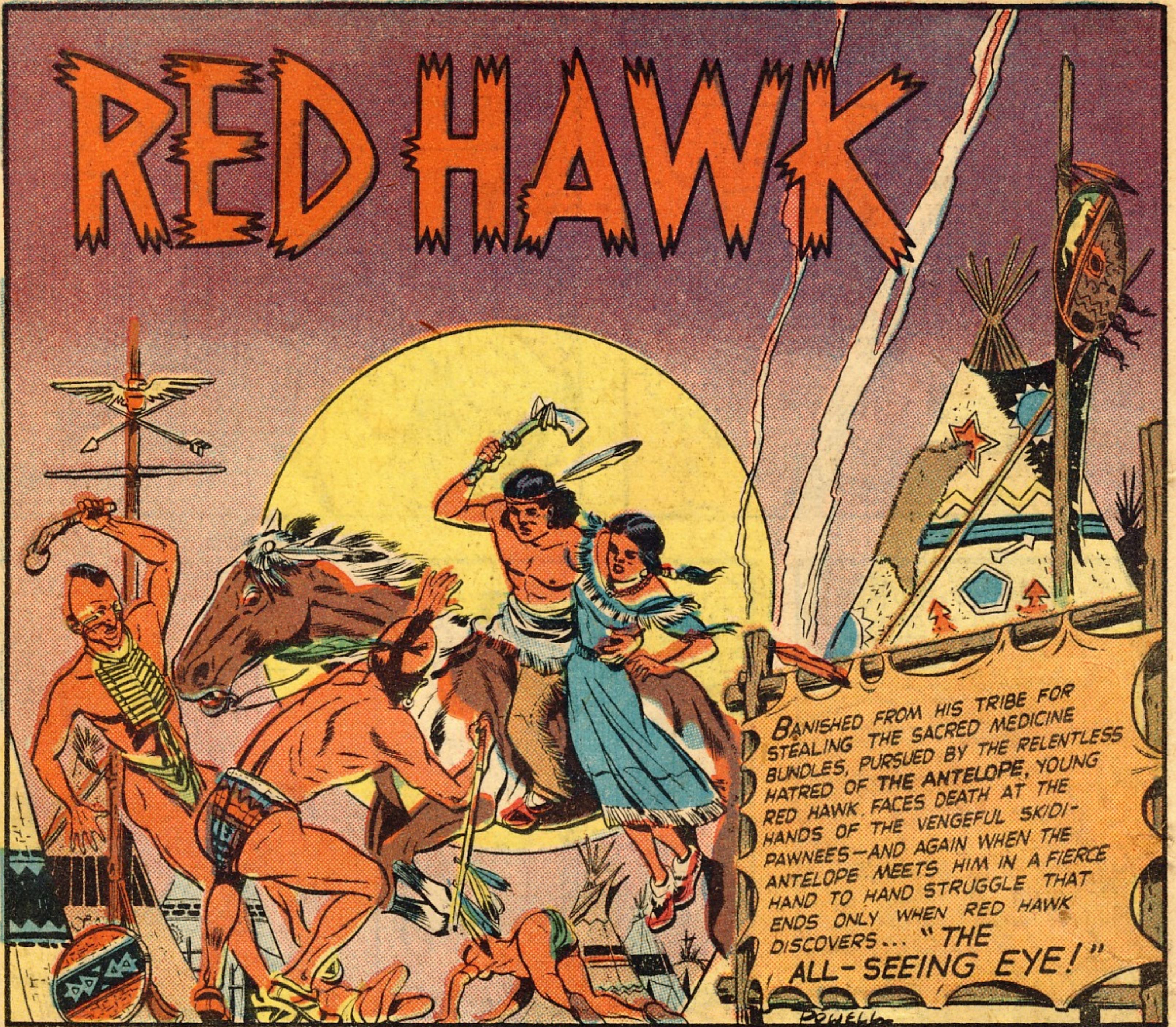
TROTting STEADILY ACROSS THE GIANT'S OVEN, NOSTRILS FLARING TO CATCH THE SCENT OF HIS MASTER, COMES— THE GREAT STALLION, FURY!







RED HAWK



BEFORE HIS TEPEE BURNING COW SPEAKS WITH HOARSE FURY TO HIS NEPHEW, THE ANTELOPE...

LOOK AT HIM! A MERE BOY! **YOU** SHOULD BE THE ONE THAT THE CHIEF LOOKS AT WITH KINDNESS, ANTELOPE!

YOU SPEAK TRUTH, UNCLE. BUT—WHAT CAN I DO?



RED HAWK MUST DIE! BUT YOU MUST NOT KILL HIM. NO, THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY—PERHAPS TO MAKE MEDICINE MAN, WHITE CALF, CAUSE HIS DEATH... COME INSIDE MY LODGE A MOMENT WHERE WE CAN TALK...



THAT NIGHT, AS THE FULL MOON RISES HIGH IN THE DARK SKY...

WHITE CALF SLEEPS LIKE THE BEAR IN WINTER. HE DID NOT HEAR ME TAKE THE POWER-BUNDLE FROM HIS TEPEE ...



IT WILL DO NO HARM TO OPEN THE BUNDLE—TO TAKE WHAT WILL GRANT ME GREAT POWER! AFTER ALL—RED HAWK WILL BE BLAMED FOR THIS...



AS THE RISING SUN CHASES THE BLACK NIGHT WESTWARD, WHITE-CALF, THE MEDICINE-MAN, RUSHES FROM HIS LODGE WITH A WILD CRY...

SOUND THE DRUMS! SUMMON THE PEOPLE OF THE CHEYENNE! SACRILEGE!



THE SACRED OBJECTS OF THE TRIBE ARE **GONE!** WHO HAS STOLEN THEM? IF THEY ARE NOT RECOVERED BAD THINGS WILL HAPPEN TO OUR PEOPLE! ANIMALS WILL RUN FROM THE HUNTERS! ENEMIES WILL KILL US!



REST EASY, GREAT WHITE CALF. I HAVE FOUND THE BUNDLE—IN THE TEPEE OF RED HAWK! HE STOLE IT! HE MUST BE PUNISHED! HE MUST PAY FOR THIS—WITH HIS LIFE!



A LIE! I NEVER TOOK THE BUNDLE! I SLEPT ALL NIGHT! IT IS A TRICK!

THE BUNDLE WAS IN YOUR TEPEE! IF YOU DID NOT STEAL IT, THE GODS MUST HAVE PUT IT THERE. THAT MEANS THEY ARE ANGRY WITH YOU! **YOU DIE!**

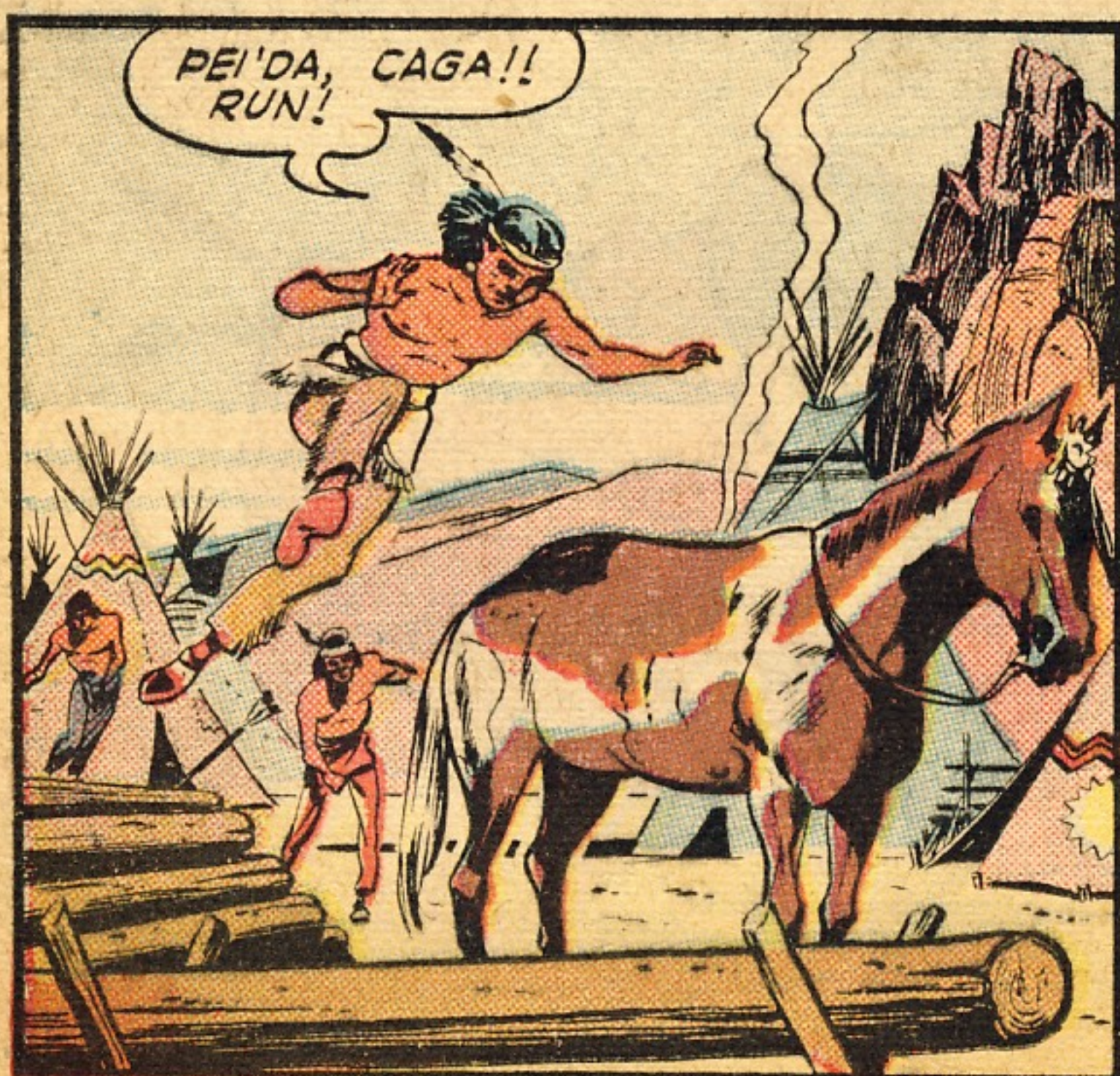
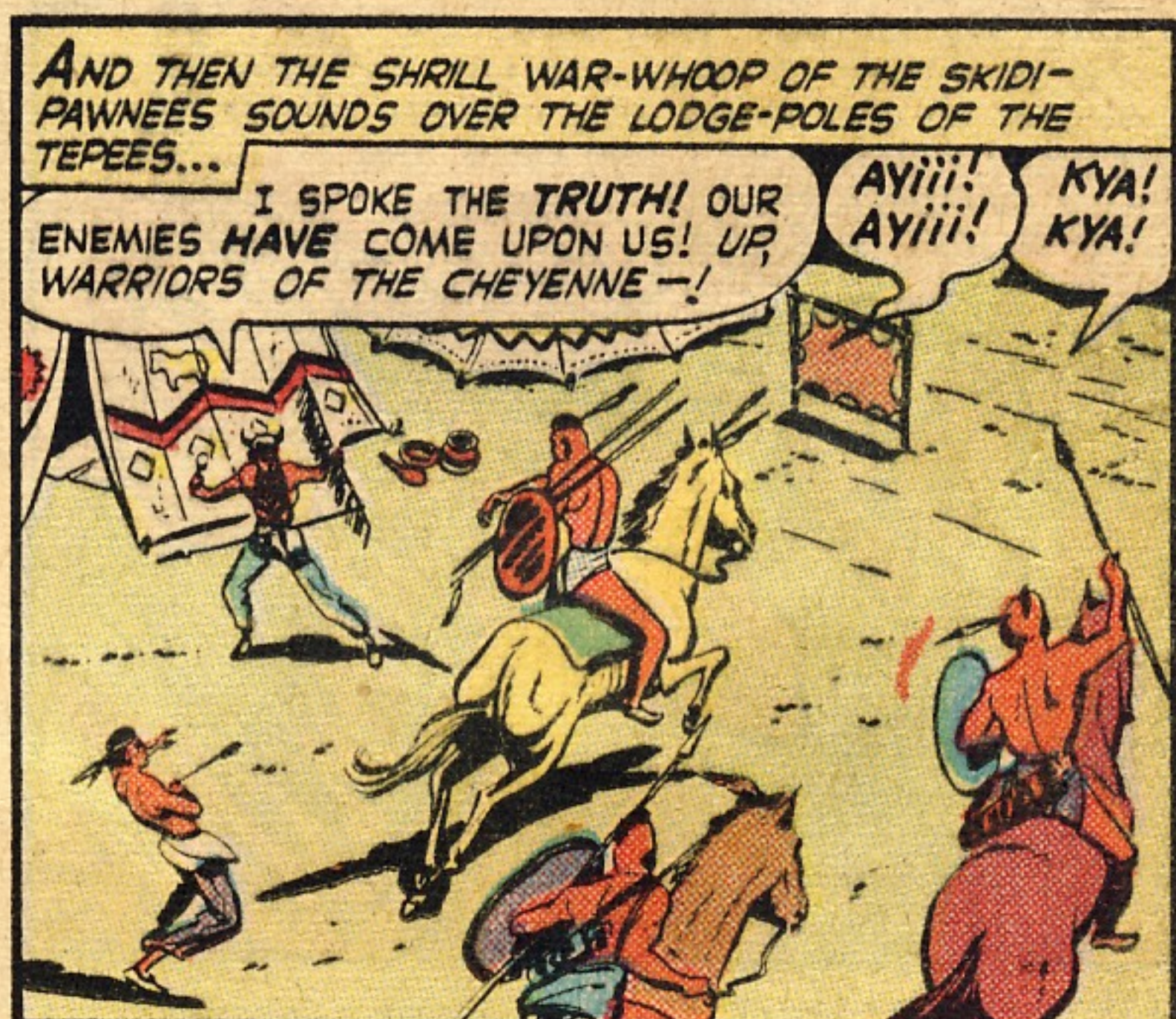
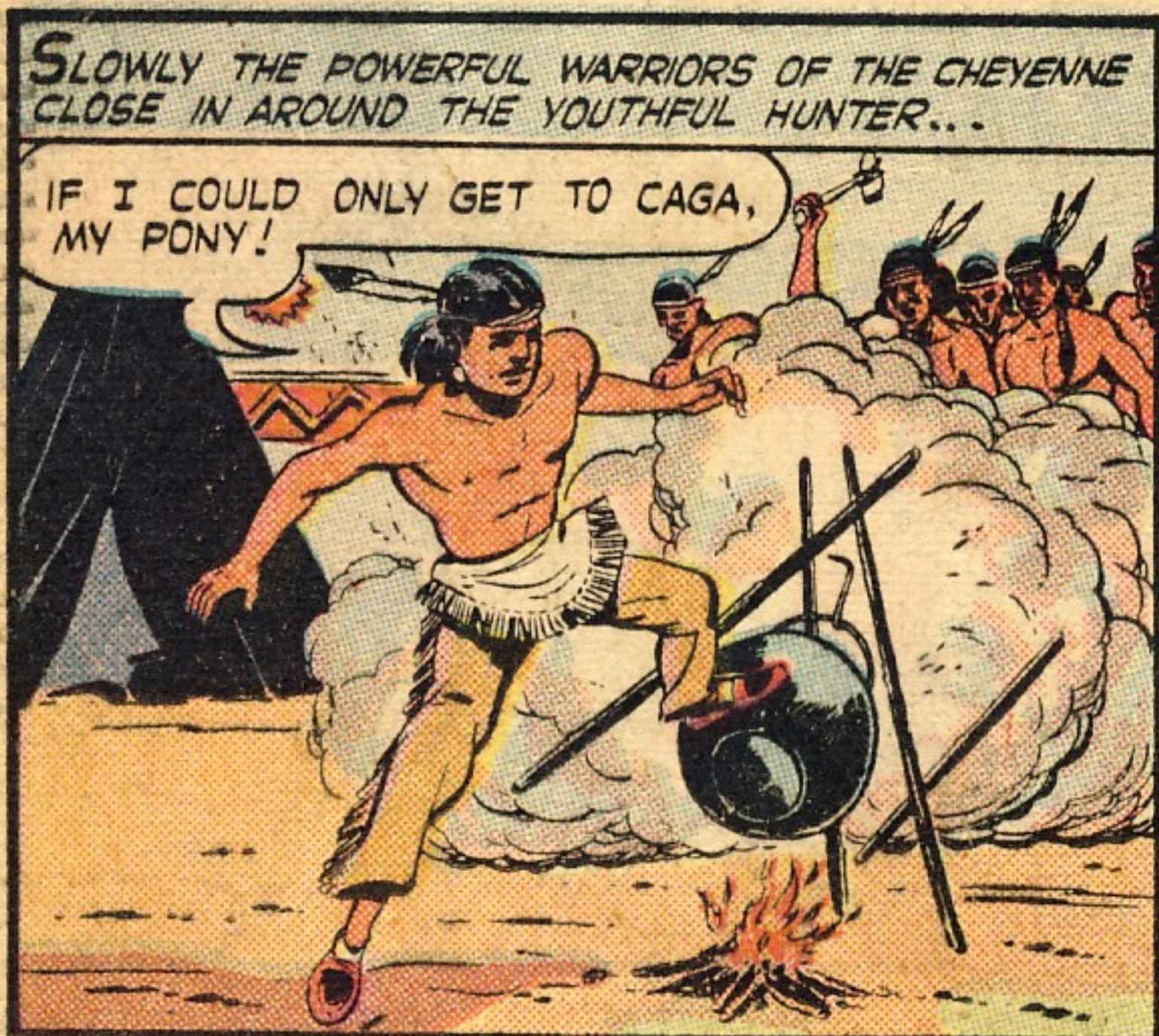
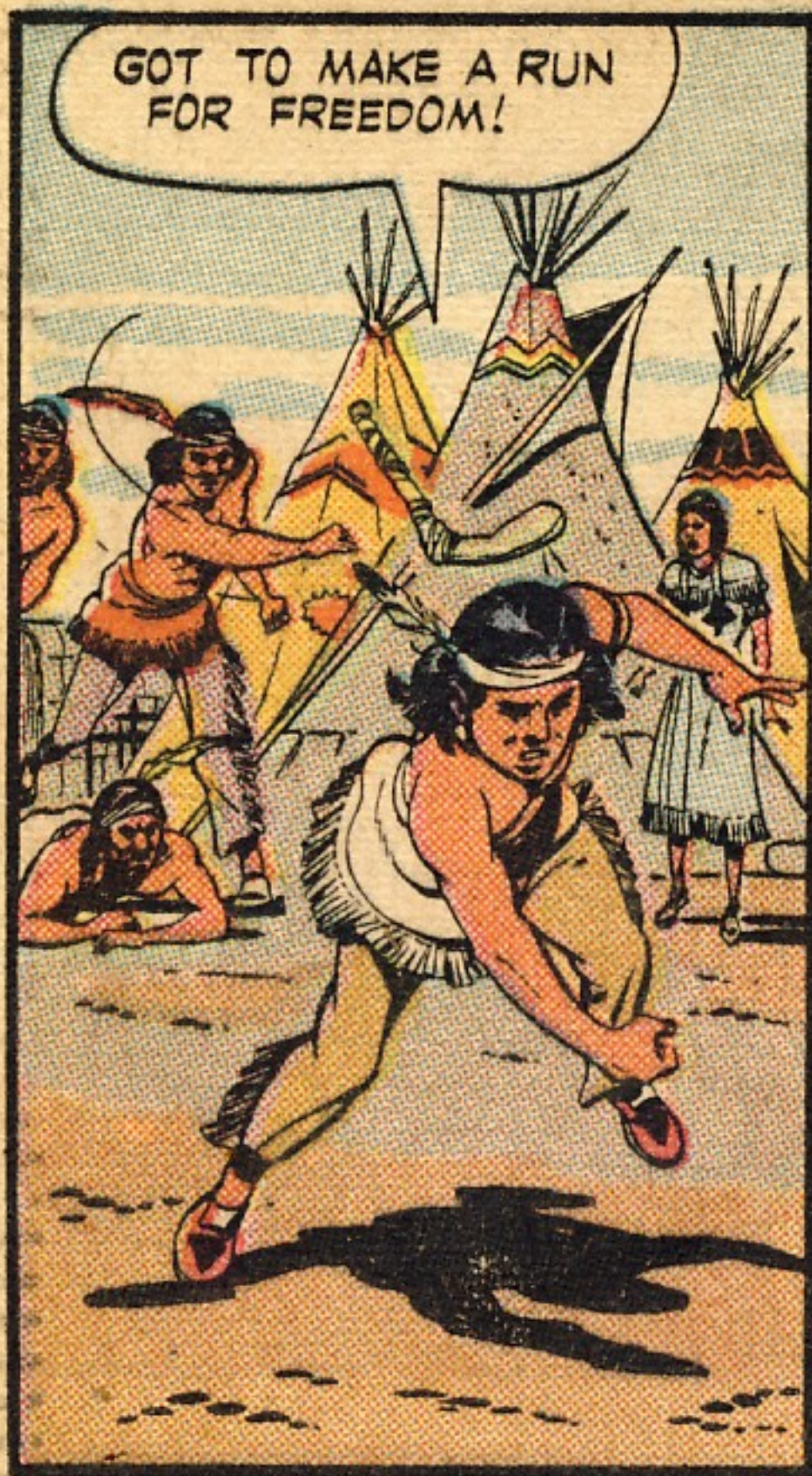


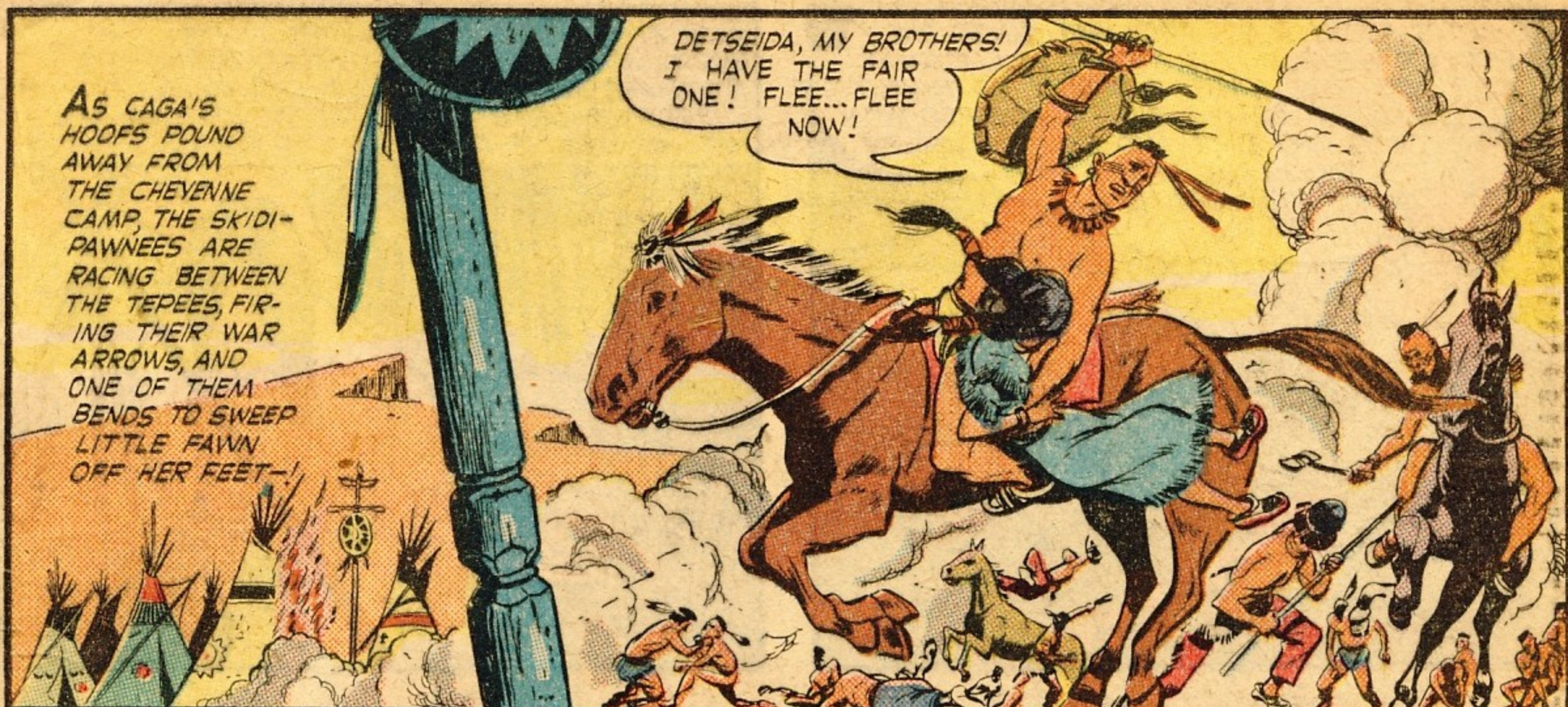
I WON'T DIE—NOT FOR SOMETHING I DIDN'T DO!

UGGH!

WA AGGH!





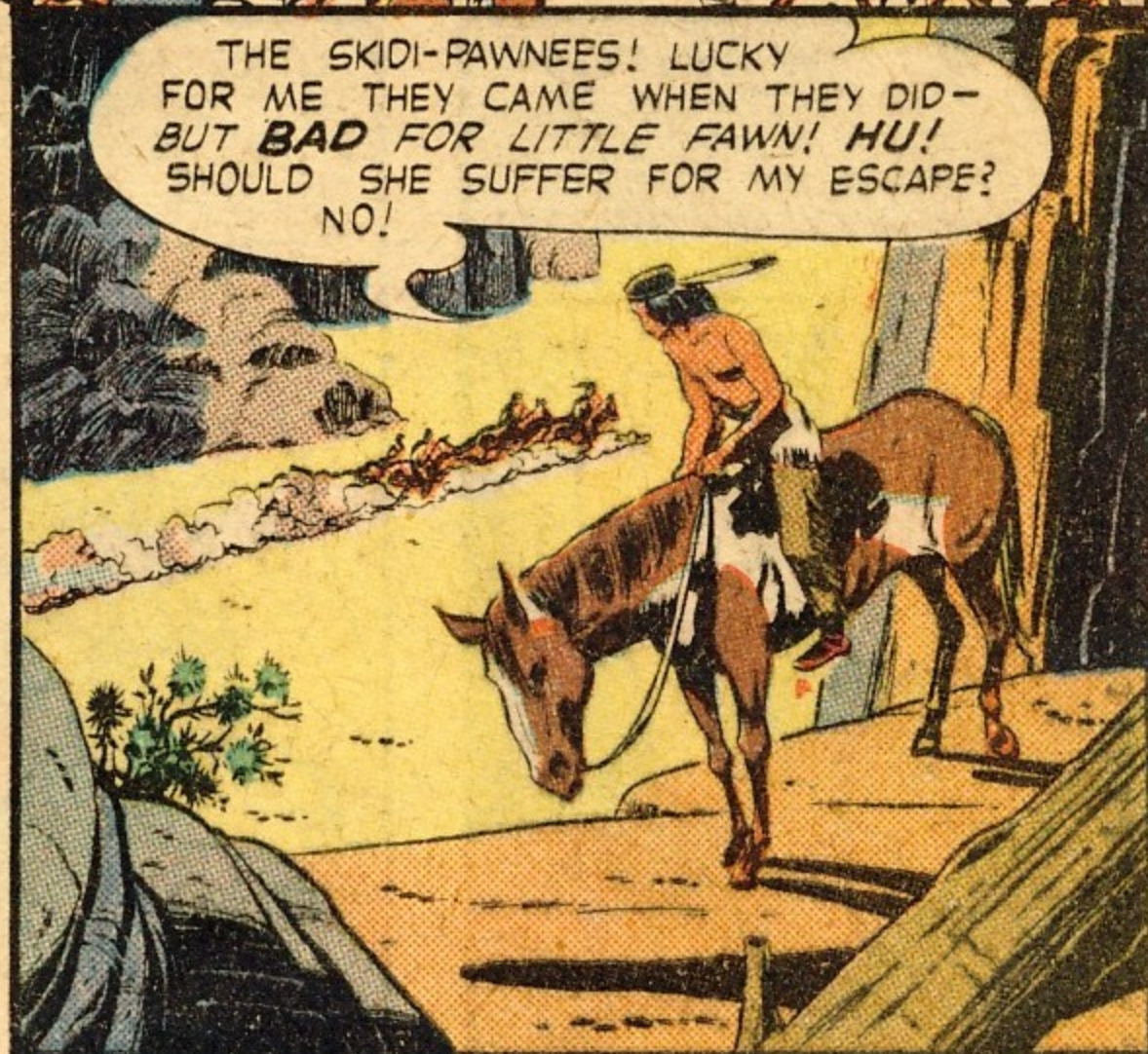


AS CAGA'S
HOOFS POUND
AWAY FROM
THE CHEYENNE
CAMP, THE SKIDI-
PAWNEES ARE
RACING BETWEEN
THE TEPEES, FIR-
ING THEIR WAR
ARROWS, AND
ONE OF THEM
BENDS TO SWEEP
LITTLE FAWN
OFF HER FEET—!

DETSEIDA, MY BROTHERS!
I HAVE THE FAIR
ONE! FLEE... FLEE
NOW!



SHE WILL MAKE A GOOD SACRIFICE TO
THE MORNING STAR! A/E, SHE WILL MAKE
OUR FIELDS FERTILE, OUR
POWER STRONG...!



THE SKIDI-PAWNEES! LUCKY
FOR ME THEY CAME WHEN THEY DID—
BUT **BAD** FOR LITTLE FAWN! HU!
SHOULD SHE SUFFER FOR MY ESCAPE?
NO!



ALL THAT DAY, UNDER THE
BLISTERING WESTERN SUN, YOUNG
RED HAWK TRAILS THE WAR-
PAINTED PAWNEES... AND THEN,
TOWARD DUSK...

ONE MAN
CAN'T GO IN THERE AND
RESCUE A GIRL! HU! IT IS
MADNESS! CRAZY!

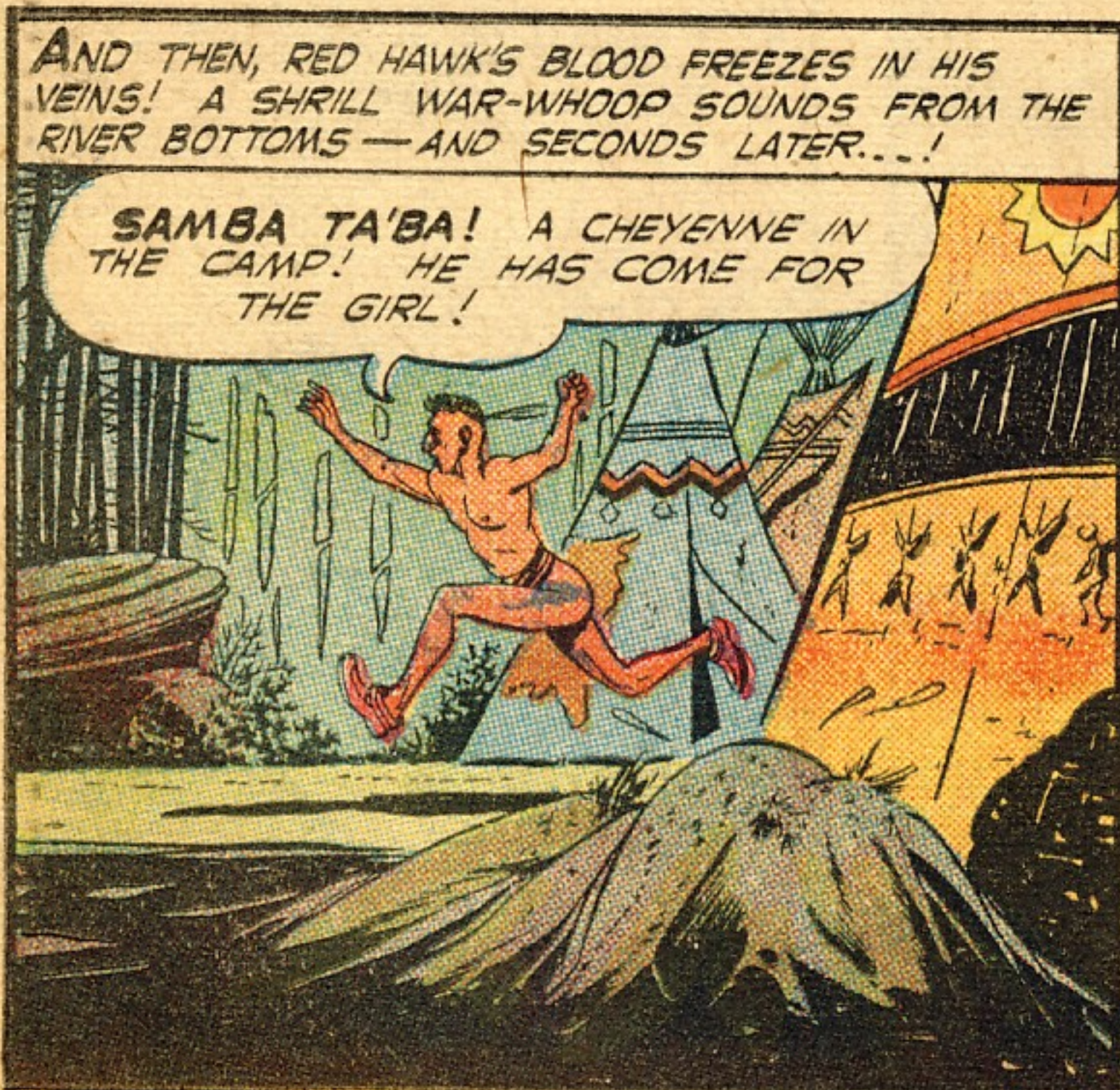
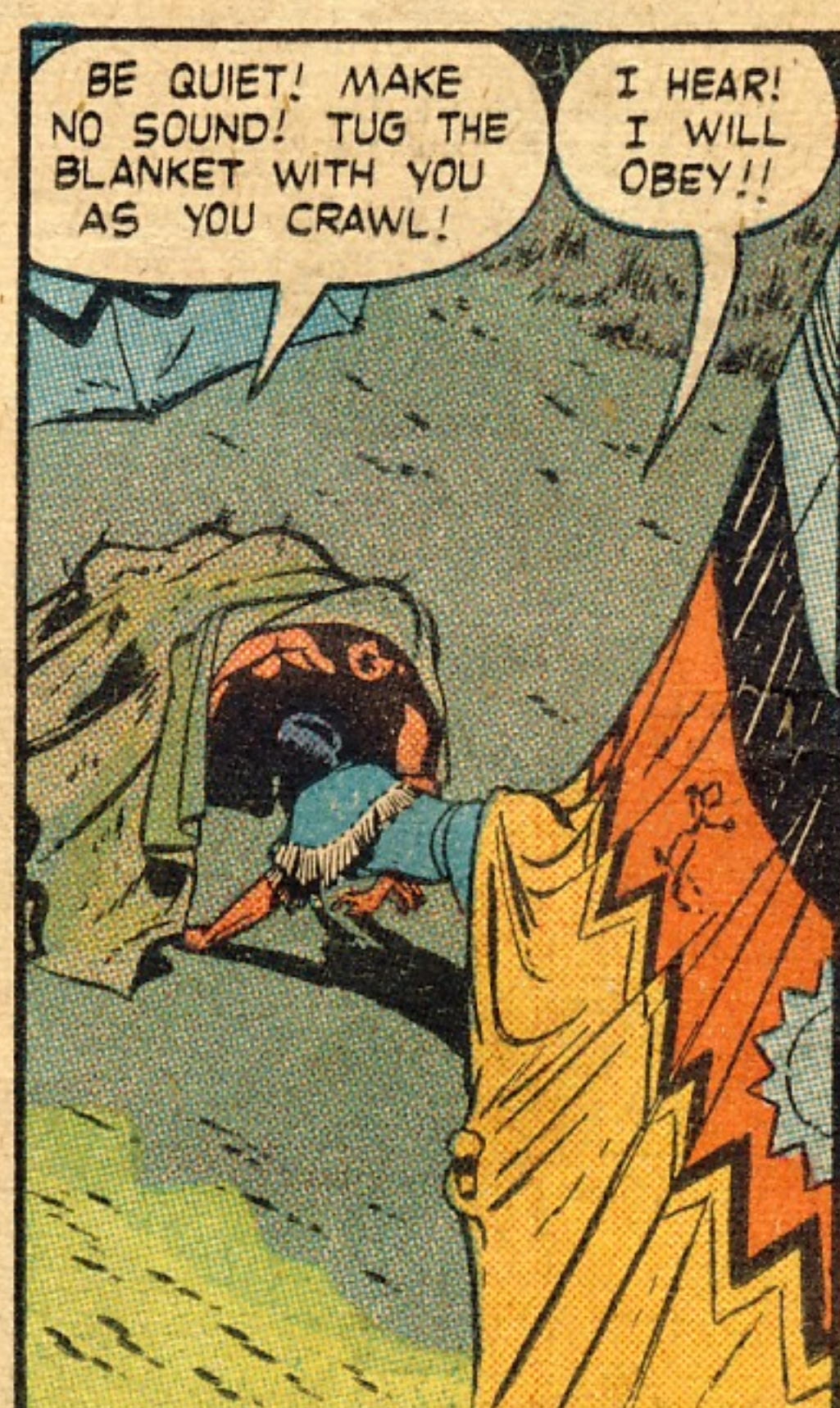
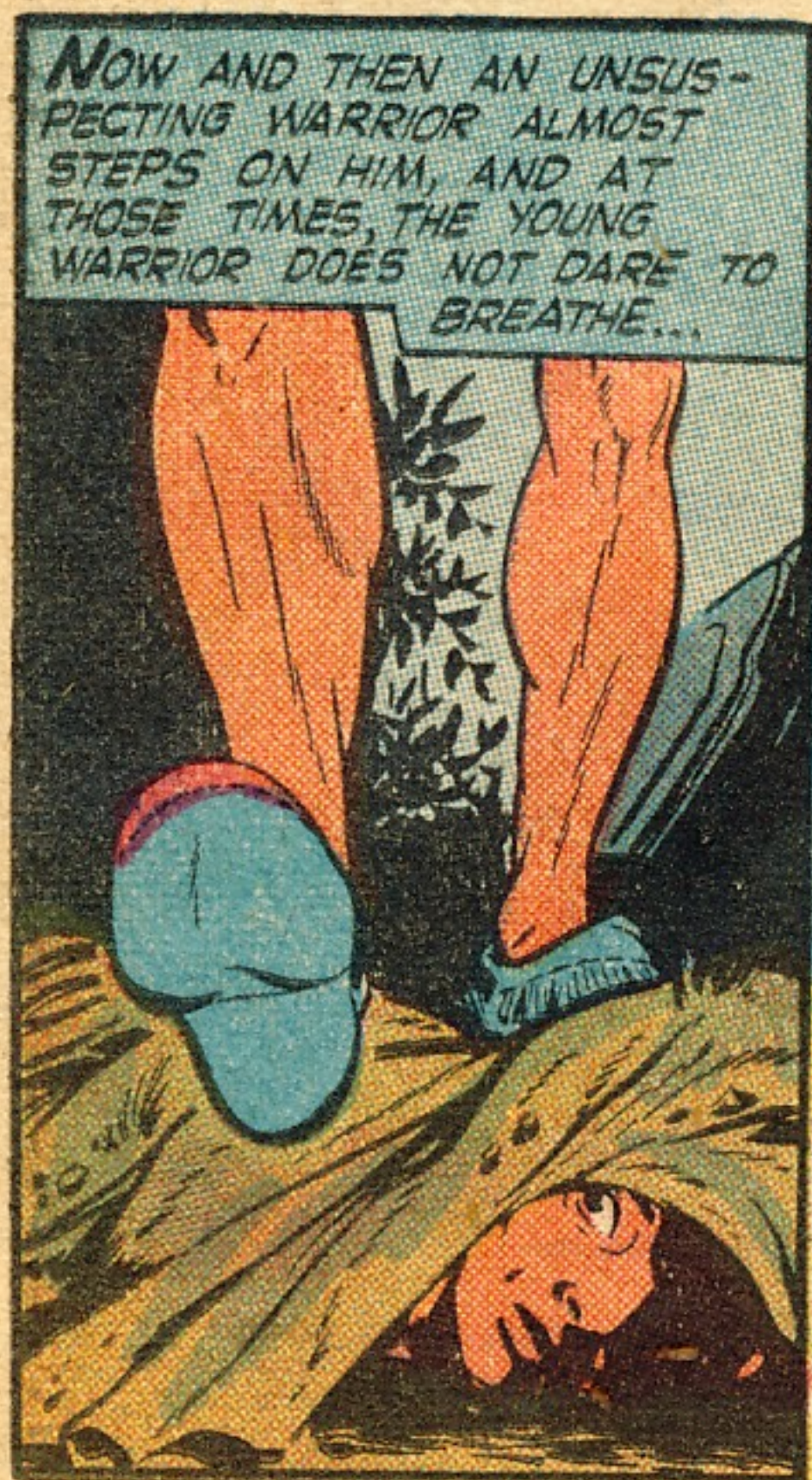
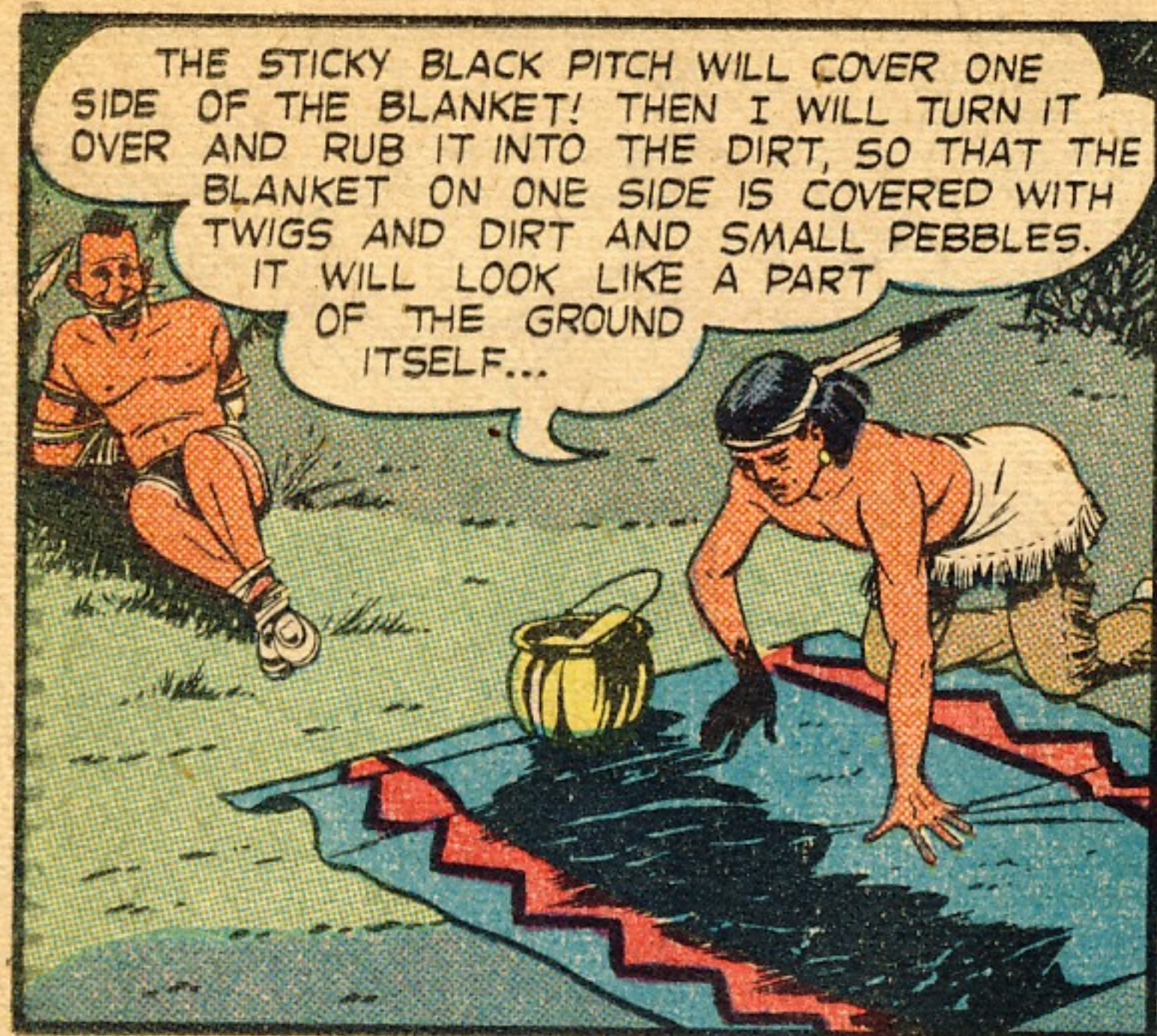


BUT IF NO ONE COULD **SEE**
THAT MAN AS HE WENT INTO
THE VILLAGE... THEN HE
MIGHT SAVE THE GIRL...!



BUT FIRST... I'LL
NEED A
BLANKET!

UGGHHH!



MEANWHILE, WHITE BULL, THE CHEYENNE CHIEF, WITH SEVERAL OF HIS LESSER CHIEFS, HAVE LED A NUMBER OF WAR PARTIES OUT ON THE TRAIL OF THE SKIDI-PAWNEES. BUT THE PAWNEES HAVE COVERED THEIR TRAIL WELL. AND, AS THE CHEYENNES HUNT, YOUNG ANTELOPE FALLS BACK FROM THE OTHER WARRIORS ... HEART PUMPING WITH FEAR...



I DARED NOT RIDE WITH THEM. THEY WOULD FIGHT THE SKIDI-PAWNEE—AND I MIGHT BE HURT—EVEN KILLED!

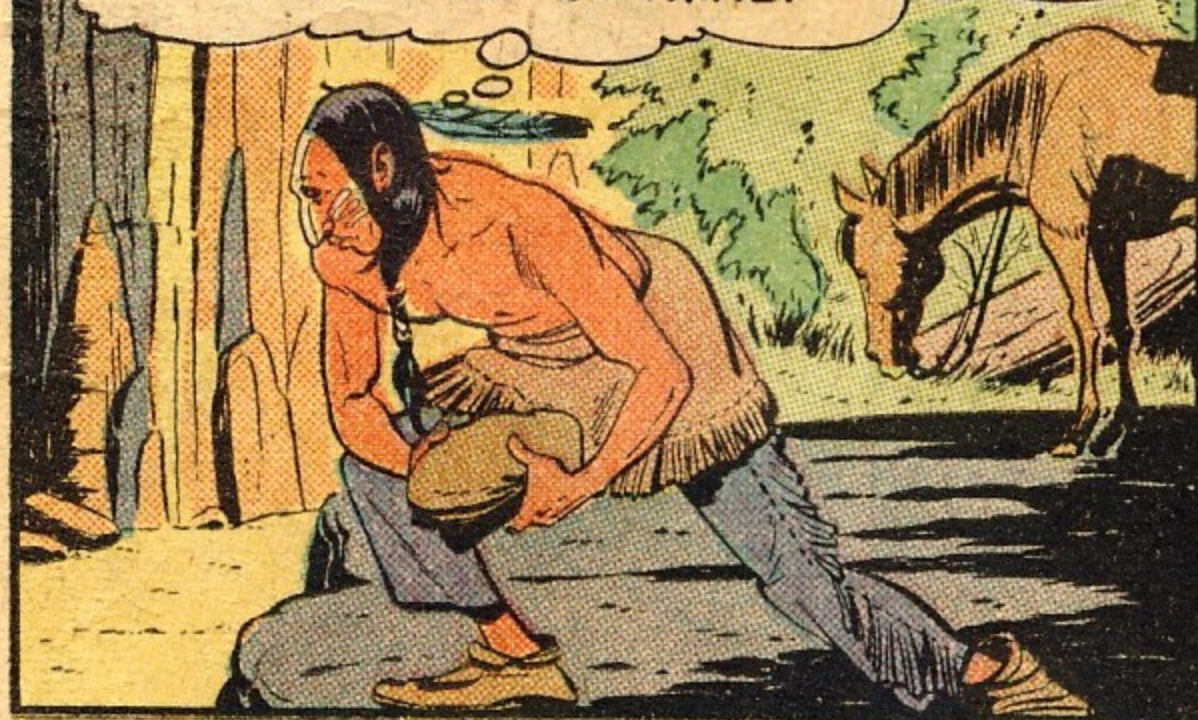


WHY—THAT IS RED HAWK! — WITH LITTLE FAWN! HE MUST HAVE SAVED HER! BUT HOW? AND THE SKIDI-PAWNEE... WILL BE AFTER HIM! I'LL GET AWAY FROM HERE—FAST!

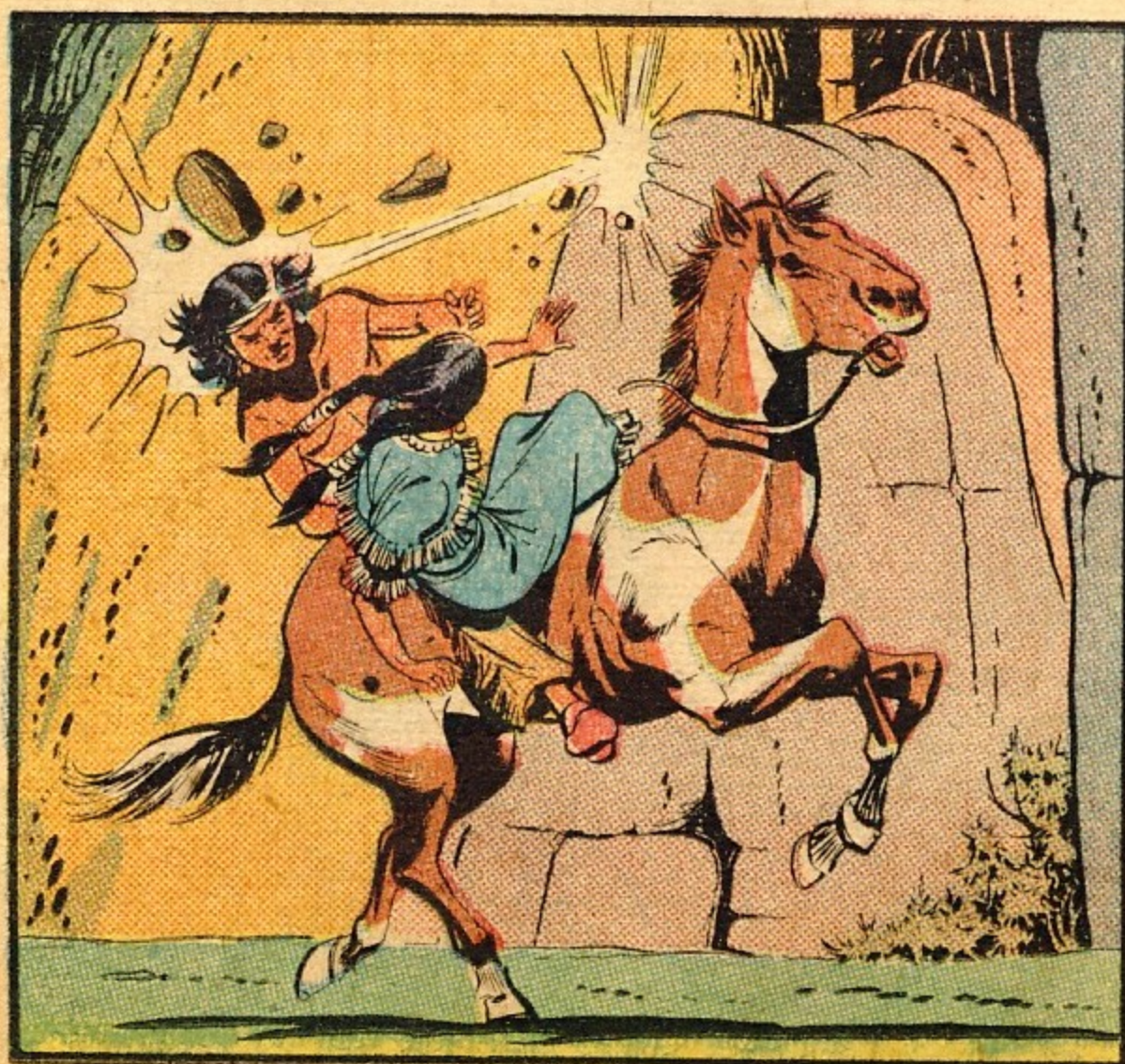
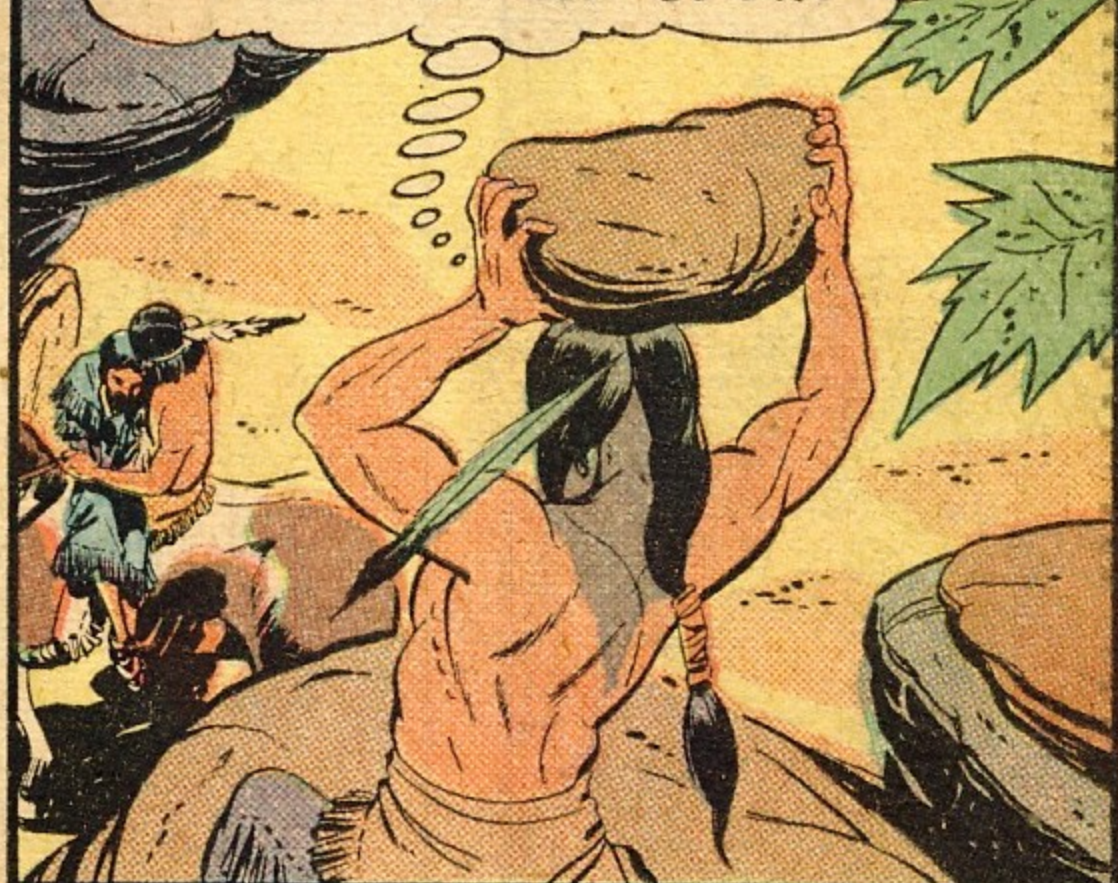


AND THEN, IN THE ANTELOPE'S CRAFTY BRAIN A PLAN HATCHES...

BUT WAIT! IF I WERE TO... KILL RED HAWK... TAKE THE GIRL AWAY AND LEAVE HIM FOR THE SKIDI-PAWNEE TO FIND... THEY WOULD NOT KNOW I WAS HERE... AND PERHAPS THE ACCLAIM RED HAWK WOULD GET FROM THE TRIBE... WILL BE MINE!

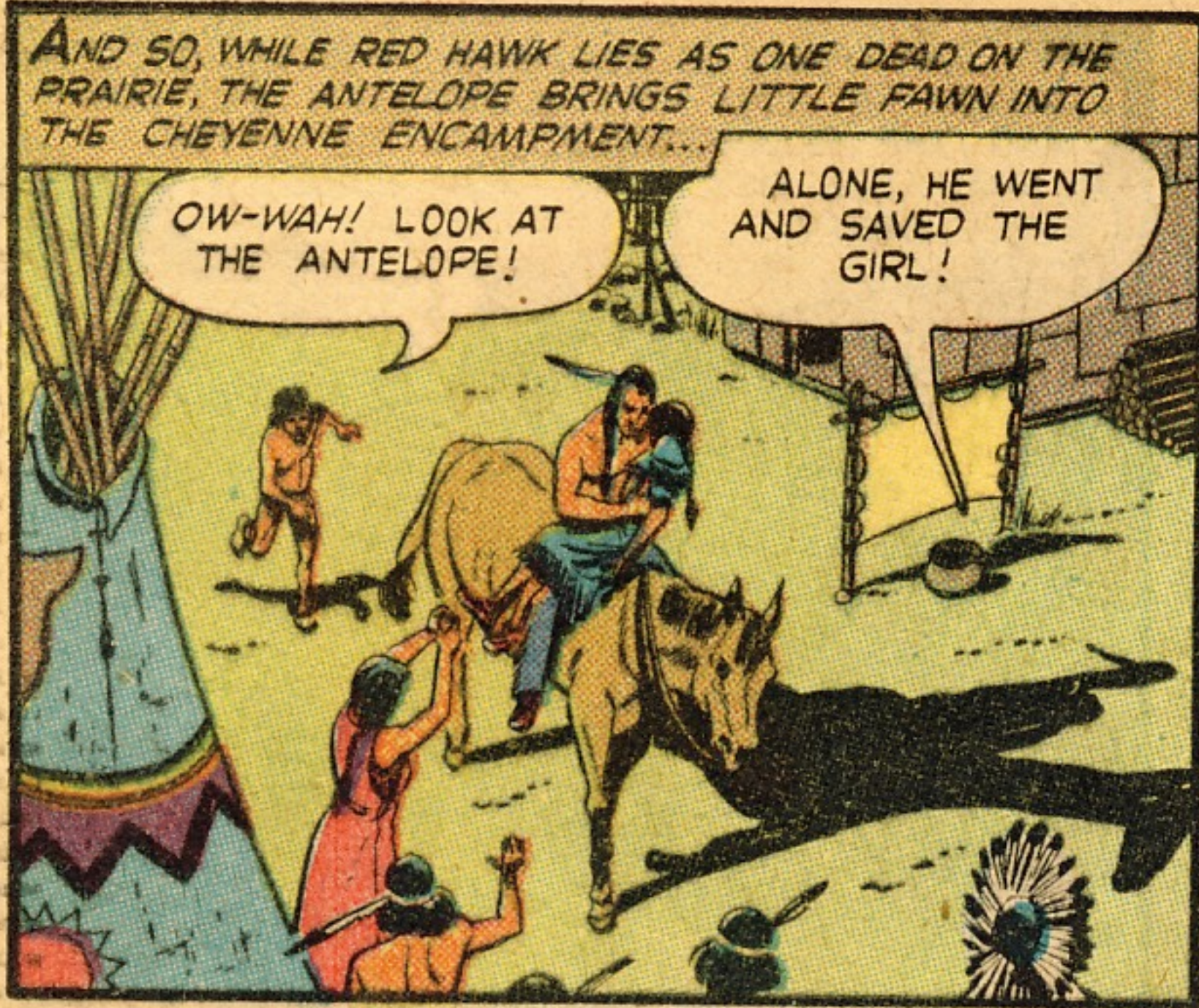


RED HAWK WILL NOT SEE ME. ABOVE HIM... AND EVEN IF I MISS, HE WILL JUST THINK A ROCK HAS SLIPPED FROM THE RIDGE ABOVE...



LITTLE FAWN IS UNCONSCIOUS — SHE HIT HER HEAD WHEN SHE FELL. I WILL TELL THEM IN THE VILLAGE IT WAS I WHO RODE ALONE AND SAVED HER! IF SHE DENIES IT, SHE WILL PERHAPS THINK IT ONLY A DREAM THAT IT WAS RED HAWK... FOR SHE WAS ASLEEP HERE, AND DID NOT SEE WHAT I DID...!!







FIGHT HIM! YOU ARE BIGGER! STRONGER! HE IS WEAK... EXHAUSTED! THIS IS YOUR CHANCE!

TRUE... LET HIM GO! HE ASKED FOR BATTLE! HE SHALL HAVE ONE!



NOW I SHALL RAM THOSE LIES DOWN YOUR THROAT!

BUT I AM UNARMED! I—!



THIS TIME I WILL MAKE NO MISTAKE! THIS TIME MY WAR-CLUB SHALL DRINK DEEP OF YOUR LIFE!

THAT SHINY THING... ROLLING TOWARD MY HAND... WHY... IT IS FROM THE SACRED MEDICINE BUNDLE!



RED HAWK LIFTS THE MIRROR... A SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT IS CAUGHT—REFLECTED UPWARD INTO THE ANTELOPE'S EYES—BLINDING HIM!

MY EYES! I CAN'T SEE!

IT IS THE MIRROR OF THE SPANIARDS, ANTELOPE—THE MIRROR YOU STOLE FROM THE MEDICINE BUNDLE WHEN YOU PUT IT IN MY TEPEE!



HE LIED WHEN HE SAID I STOLE IT! THE MIRROR THAT WAS IN HIS WAR-BAG IS PROOF! AND JUST SO DID HE LIE WHEN HE CLAIMED TO HAVE SAVED LITTLE FAWN!

IT IS TRUE! THAT IS THE SACRED MIRROR OUR FATHERS TOOK FROM THE SPANISH. THE ANTELOPE MUST BE PUNISHED!



HE SHALL BE BANISHED FOREVER FROM THE TRIBE! HE AND HIS PEOPLE SHALL BE WRITTEN DOWN AS IF DEAD!

AND THE GLORY AND REWARD I WAS TO GIVE HIM SHALL NOW BE YOURS, RED HAWK! FOR EVEN NOW LITTLE FAWN'S LIPS HAVE OPENED, AND SHE HAS TOLD THE TRUTH!

THE PLAINS INDIAN

THE GREAT PLAINS of North America stretch from the Llano Estacado in Texas to the Milk River country of Montana, and from the mighty Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains. For the most part, these plains are vast level stretches of grassland, cut by flowing rivers such as the Colorado, the Missouri and the Arkansas. Lacking trees, and semi-arid, they offered no great inducement to the red peoples who lived on their fringes before the coming of the white man.

In the spring and summer of 1540, Francisco de Coronado set out from Compostela with mounted men-at-arms to investigate the tale of the seven cities of Cibola, allegedly built of glimmering gold. Coronado found no gold, but he left a greater tribute to his fame—he left the horse.

To the few tribes dwelling in the desert area of Arizona and New Mexico, the horse was a completely strange animal. They called it a "big dog." But it was to the horse that the plains Indians owed the growth of their culture. For with the horse, the tribes that had dwelt on the borders of the great plains could now rove freely and swiftly across those grassy flats, could chase and run down the buffalo that roamed in such vast herds, could found the beginnings of a nomad culture that was to last for one hundred and fifty years.

The second big factor in the development of the Plains Indian way of life was the buffalo. Now that the Indians had horses, they could kill the buffalo.

The third factor was the coming of the white man. Expanding, the young nation (the United States), growing by leaps and bounds, pushed the Sioux and Algonkin nations from their woodland homes and out onto the broad, rolling grasslands. For the Plains Indian tribes came originally from the wooded areas. Now they went westward, bringing with them their goods and weapons on the dog travois, to find the horse and the buffalo waiting for them.

The true Plains Indians scorned agriculture. Meat-eaters, they depended on the

bison, the elk and the mountain sheep for their food. Unlike the Wichitas and Caddos, who were farmers, tending gardens, the true Plains Indians, like the Comanches, Kiowas, Cheyennes, Arapahao, Crow, Sioux and Pawnee, lived in no fixed locale. Always were they shifting the location of their villages. Always were the squaws breaking down the tepees, rolling them up and setting them in the rawhide platforms of the travois, to bring them to another spot. In this manner, the Plains Indians could follow the shifting herds of buffalo as they made their run from Canada down into Mexico.

With the horse, the Plains Indians could travel these great distances, could thunder down among the galloping buffalo, bow-strings twanging, to fell the great, shaggy brutes from which they derived their entire living necessities.

For, from the buffalo, or bison, the Indians made their tepees, their shirts, their leggins, their mocassins, their rounded, hardened, feather-and-paint-decorated shields. From the buffalo, the Indians took food. The buffalo meat, divided according to set rules, was handed over to the women for preparation. The man who slew the beast took the choicest parts. After he had made his selection, the others of the tribe came in for their share.

The buffalo meat was cooked by the women: roasted, smoked, turned into pemmican. Pemmican is meat mixed with grease and fats, beaten, then forced into the large, dry intestine of the buffalo. This made a bologna-like type of food, and could be preserved for a long period of time. Spicings, such as fruits and berries, were sometimes added.

The hoofs and horns of the buffalo were not wasted. Every medicineman had his buffalo-hoof rattle, his horned feathered head-dress, known among the Plains Indians as a "doctor's bonnet." Sometimes spoons and cups were made from the horns.

The buffalo bones yielded a tasty food from their marrow which was kept in a container until the time of feasting. Bone tools and ornaments were also fashioned by

STRAIGHT ARROW

the Plains people from their animal ally. Breastplates of buffalo-bones, twined with wool and horsehair, rattled on many a savage chest when the Indians gathered for a Sun Dance or Ghost Dance.

During the Sun Dance festival, the entire buffalo skull was used, the skull being hung from the top of the central sun dance pole. Many tribes wore necklaces fashioned from the shiny white buffalo teeth. It is no wonder, considering all this, that the Indians looked on the buffalo with such awe and reverence—and that, when the white man came and killed the buffalo so wantonly, thereby removing the Indians' source of food, clothing and weapons—the Plains Indians like the Kiowas, Comanches, Cheyennes and Sioux rose up in a fighting fury.

The clothing of the Plains Indians was made from animal hides. The skins of the buffalo, wolf, elk, deer and antelope formed their main source of clothing supply. Usually the male Plains Indian wore leggings with an overflap, front and rear. Fringes hung down the sides of the leggings which might also be ornamented with dyed porcupine quills fashioned into tribal designs. With the coming of the white trader, glass beads of various colors were substituted for the porcupine quills.

The mocassins of the man were short, and similarly decorated. The women of the Plains wore elkskin and buckskin shirts, fringed and decorated, as well as leggings. The women's mocassins were knee-high. Neither the man nor woman wore hats, as a general rule, except for the familiar feathered war-bonnet of the warriors. The Arapaho sometimes wore eye-shades of rawhide.

The movies and fiction stories have given the feathered war-bonnet an unusual place. Actually, the war-bonnet was a sign of great daring and skill in war. Only those who ranked high on the battlefields and in the councils of the Indians were permitted to wear this head-dress. Most warriors wore one or two feathers in their hair. Each of these feathers was cut, sliced, trimmed and dyed in such a manner that they told a story of the Indian's particular deed which had won for him the right to wear the feather.

The southern Indians—Southern Cheyennes, Kiowas and Comanches—rarely beaded their bodice and sleeves. The middle Plains Indians—like the Northern Cheyennes, Sioux and Blackfeet—completely covered their sleeves with beading.

The buffalo-hide robe worn by both the men and women of the Plains Indians was painted and decorated, the men using sunbursts of porcupine quills and beadwork to show their deeds in war and in the chase.

The tepee was the standard home of the Plains Indian, made from the hide of the buffalo, often being ornamented by designs portraying events in the life of the warrior who dwelt within. The lodge poles around which the hides were wrapped to form the tepee, were of pine or cedar, and averaged about thirty feet in length. An opening was always left at the top of the tepee in order for the smoke from the fire inside to escape. Usually the tepee was close to eighteen feet in height, with a diameter of almost forty feet. The door consisted of a hide flap hung over a small oval opening. Another type of doorway included a large, triangular entry.

Inside the tepee were beds of skins, backrests, weapons and medicine bundles. These latter were suspended from the lodgepoles by means of a rawhide thong. The fireplace in the middle was built about with stones. Cooking utensils were set over the fireplace in constant readiness. Various other equipment was hung from other poles.

During the summer, the bottom part of the tepee was adjusted so that it could be rolled up and fixed in place in order for any errant breezes to move through the tepee.

The tepee was an ideal dwelling for these nomadic people. Easily taken down, it could be packed on the travois by the women, and made the following of the buffalo in their annual journeyings north and south a more or less simple matter.

The weapons of the Plains Indians consisted of the bow and arrow, the feather-decorated war-lance, the round shield of buffalo hide with its painted ornamentation, warclubs made of wood and, sometimes, of rawhide with a sharpened stone for an axe-head, as well as the knife. With the coming of the white man, the rifle and revolver was added to the others.

Usually the bow of the Plains Indian was of wood—Osage orange being particularly favored. However, bows made of animal horn were used occasionally; the horns of the mountain sheep and elk being especially adaptable for this use.

The Plains Indians loved color. They daubed their bodies with reds and blues, greens and yellows. Every color had a definite meaning, which will be taken up in a later article.

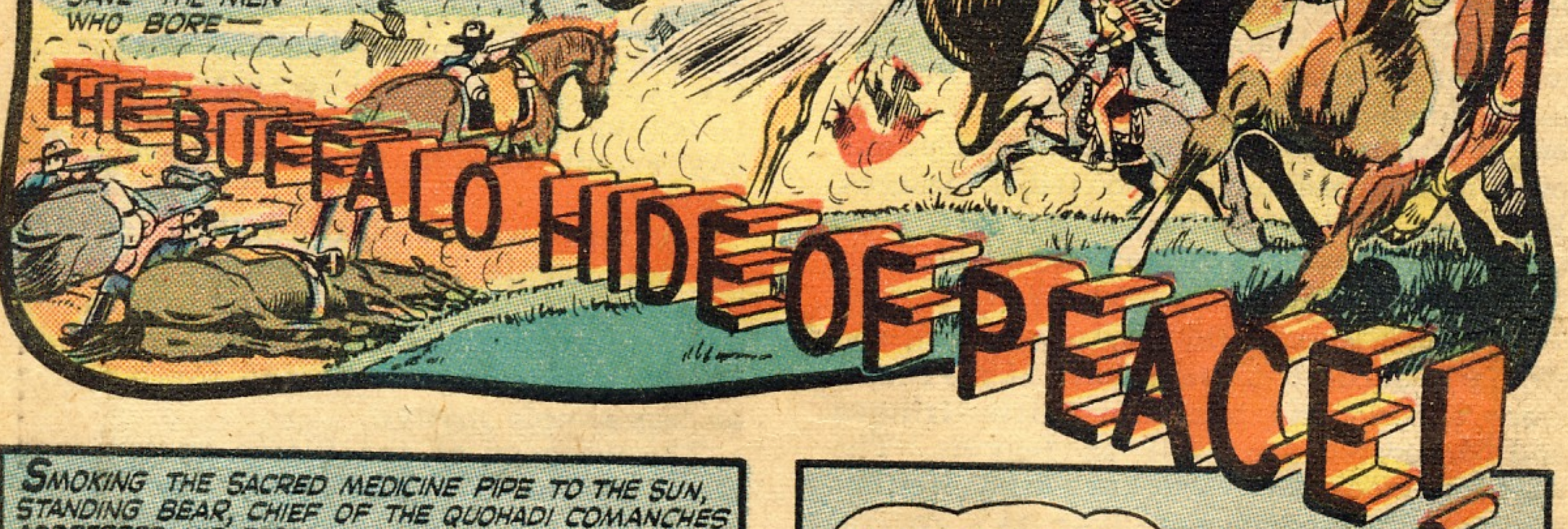
This is the first of a series of articles dealing with the Indians of the western plains of the United States. Since a great amount of research has gone into these, the editors feel that they will be well worth clipping and pasting in a scrapbook, for future reference.

Next: THE COMANCHE.

STRAIGHT ARROW

IN THE EARLY WEST, AS THE NATION'S FRONTIER FORTS WERE BUILT FROM THE SAGE FLATS OF TEXAS TO THE MILK RIVER COUNTRY OF MONTANA, THERE WAS DISSENSION IN THE INDIAN TRIBES. MANY INDIANS WANTED TO "COME IN" AND TAKE THE "WHITE MAN'S ROAD." OTHERS—LIKE BLACK TOOTH OF THE QUOHADI COMANCHES—FOUGHT TO KEEP HIS PEOPLE WILD AND SAVAGE.

SO, WHEN BLACK TOOTH SOUGHT TO LOOSE HIS ANGER, ONLY STRAIGHT ARROW COULD SAVE THE MEN WHO BORE—



SMOKING THE SACRED MEDICINE PIPE TO THE SUN, STANDING BEAR, CHIEF OF THE QUOHADI COMANCHES ADDRESSES HIS PEOPLE, GATHERED IN THE GREAT POW-WOW...

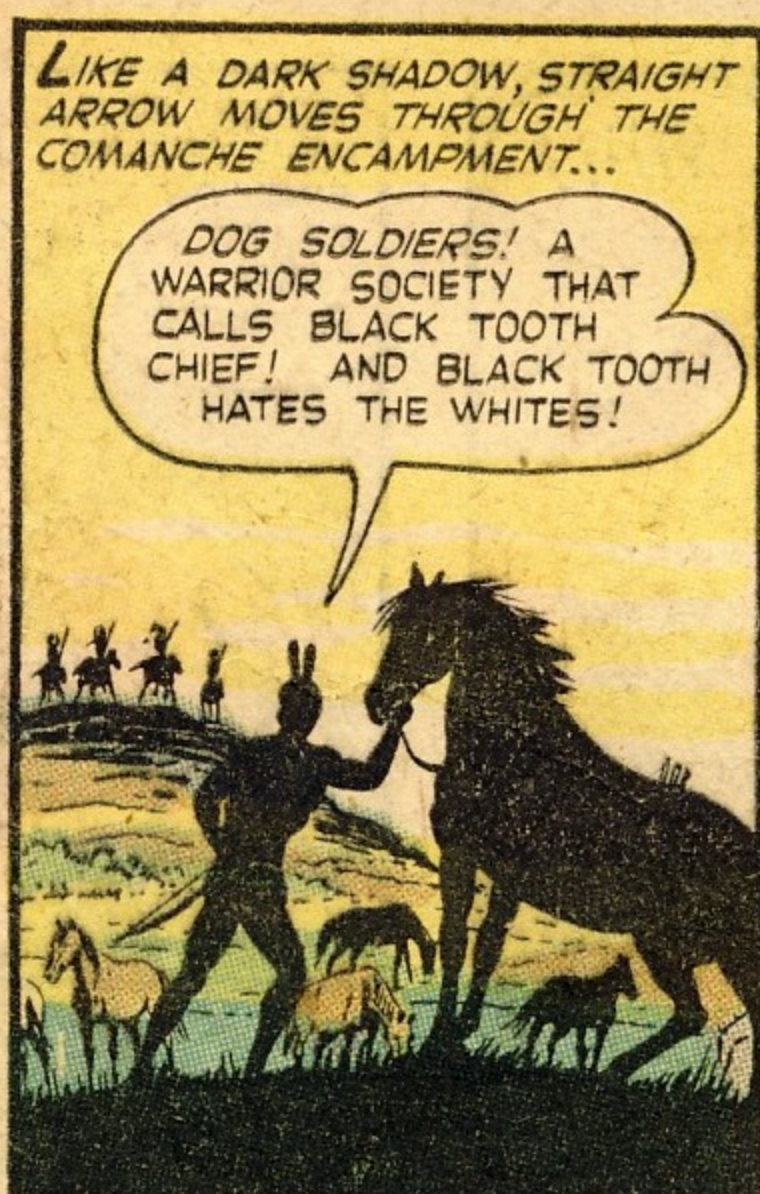
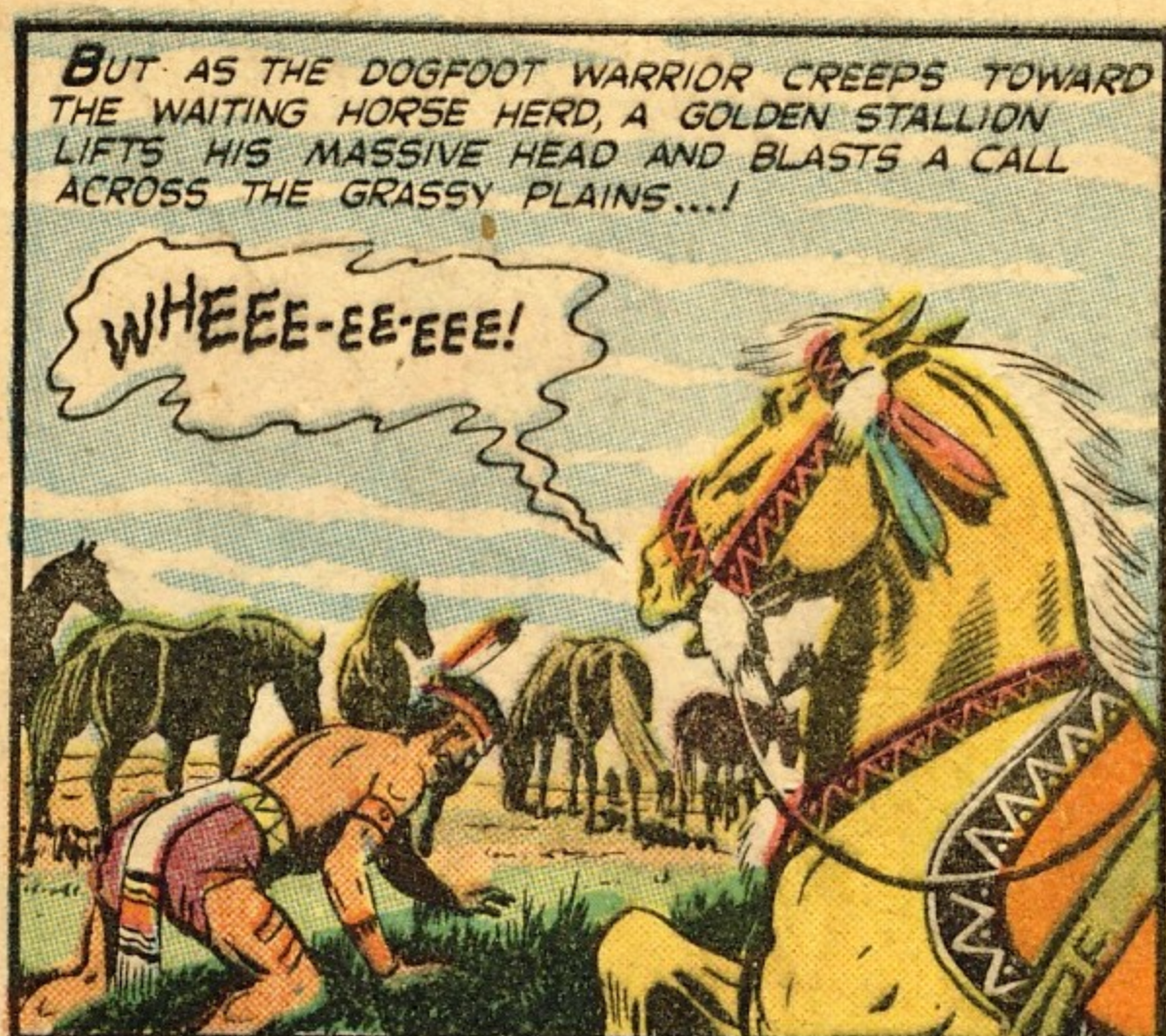


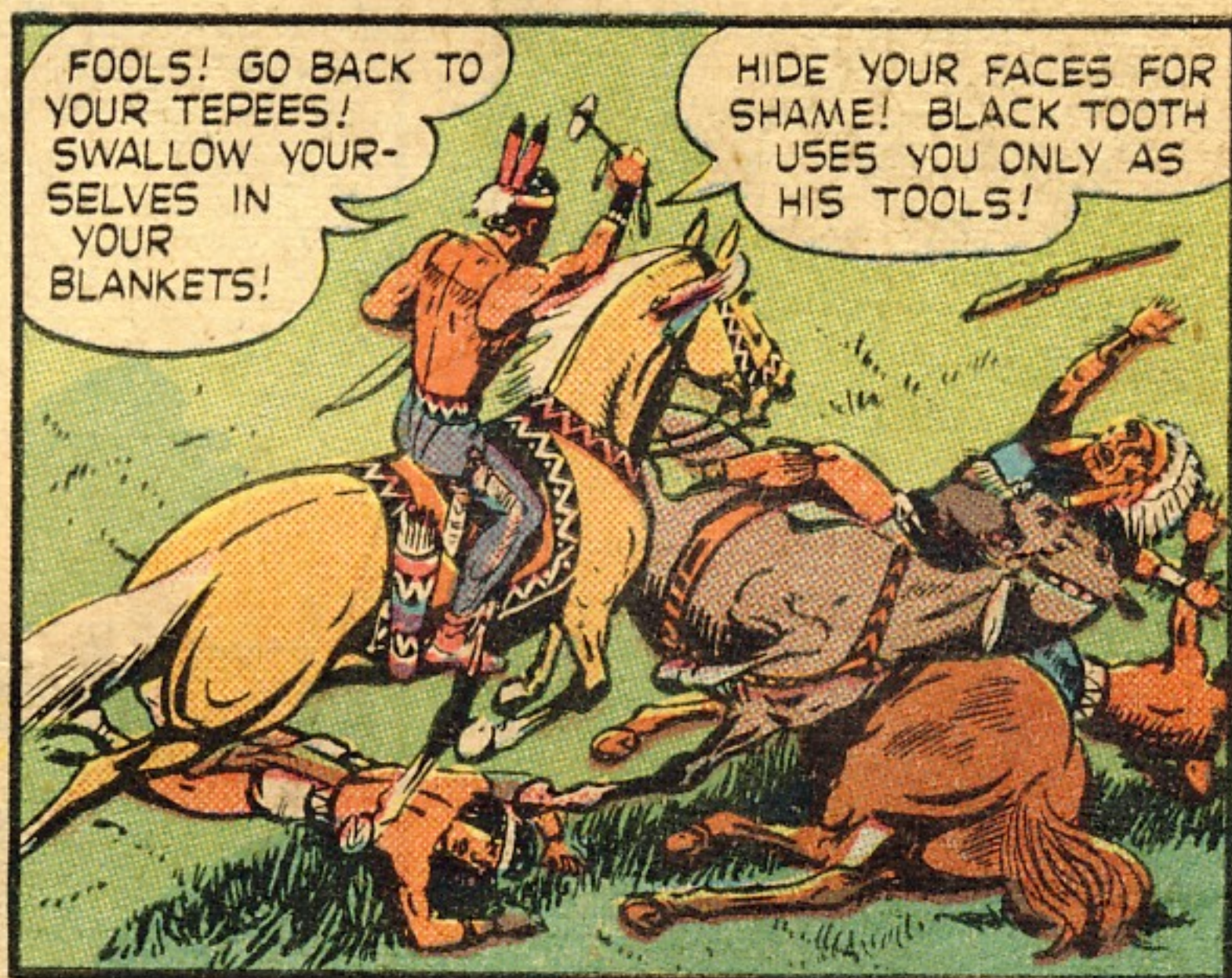
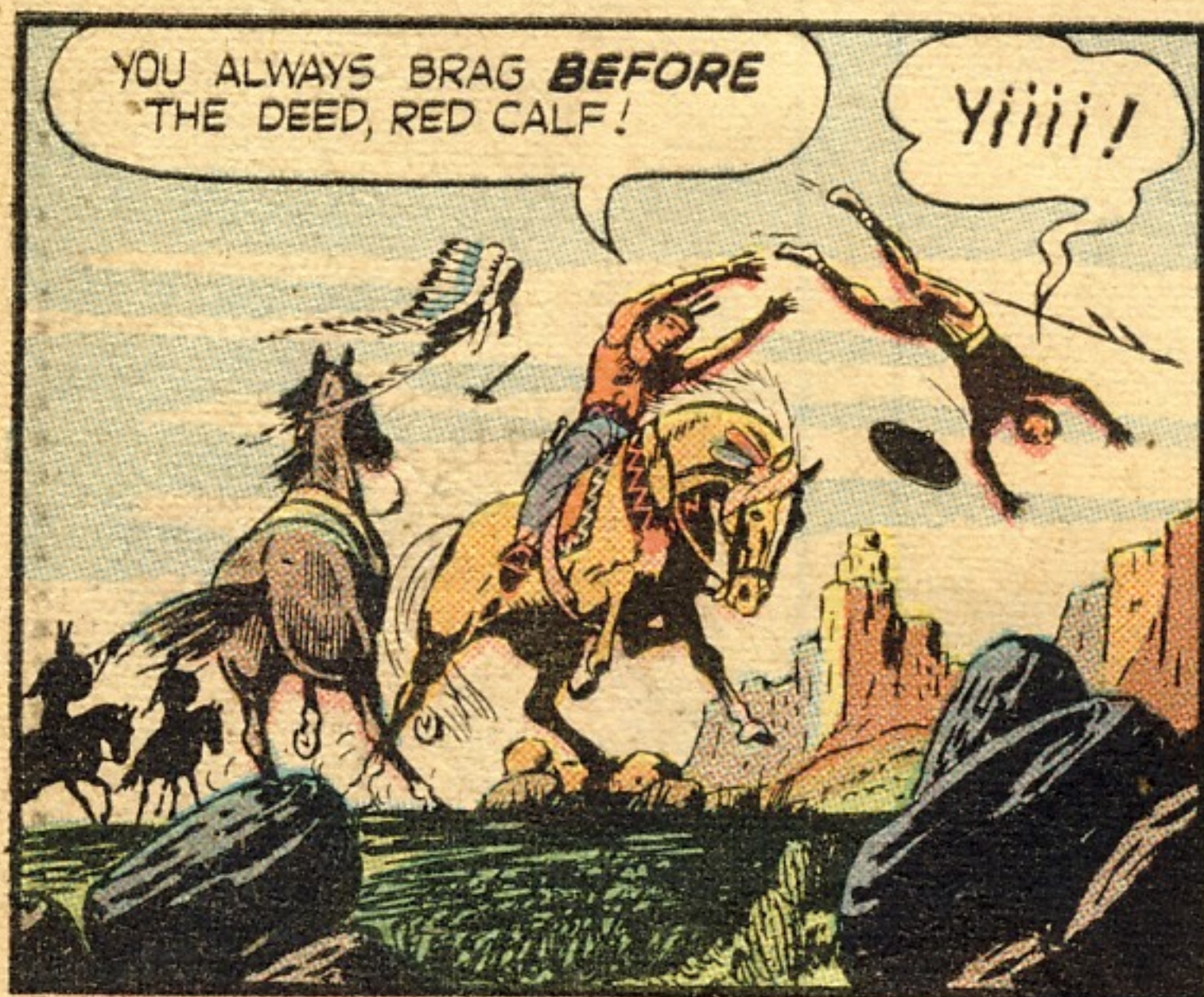
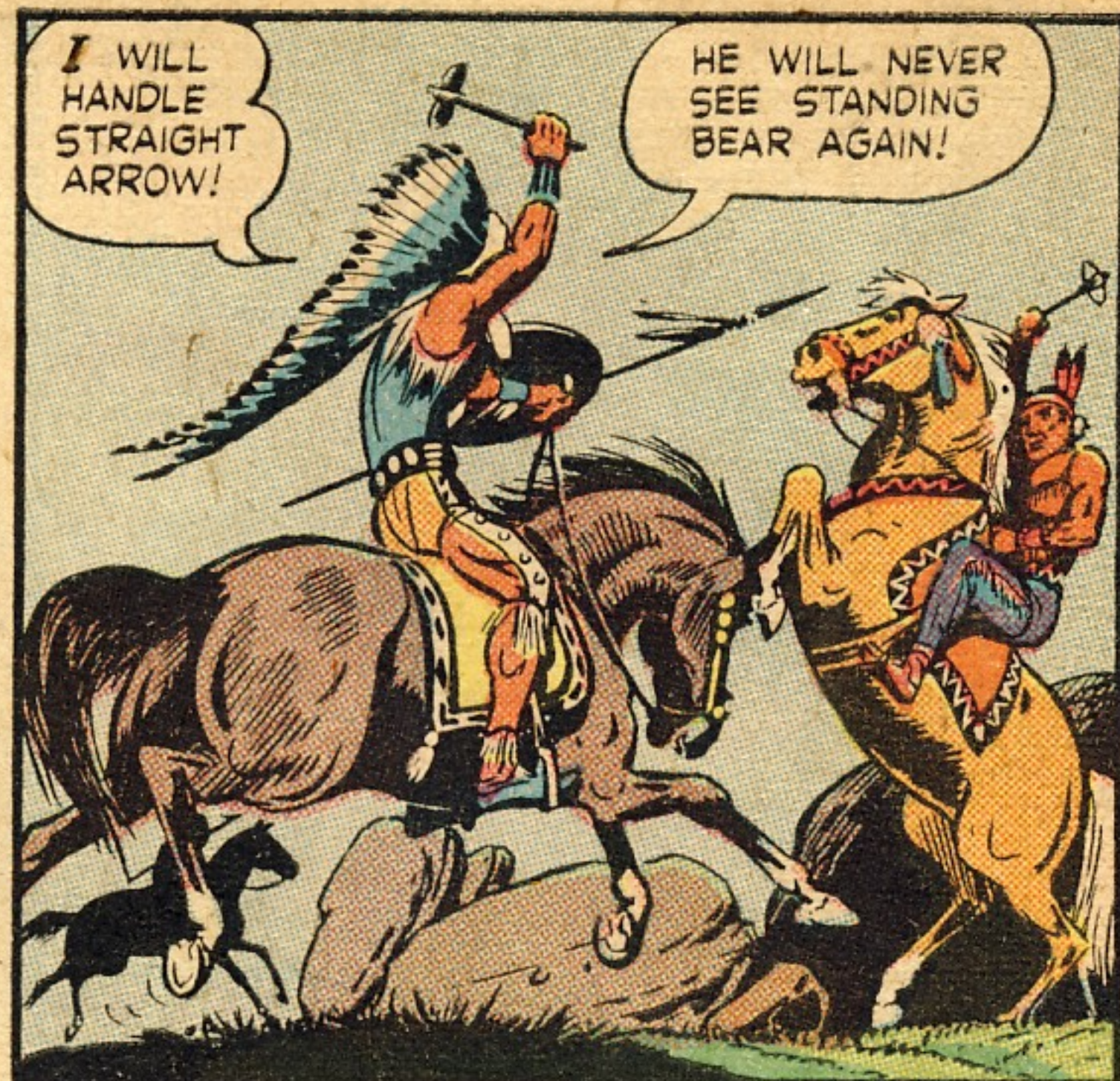
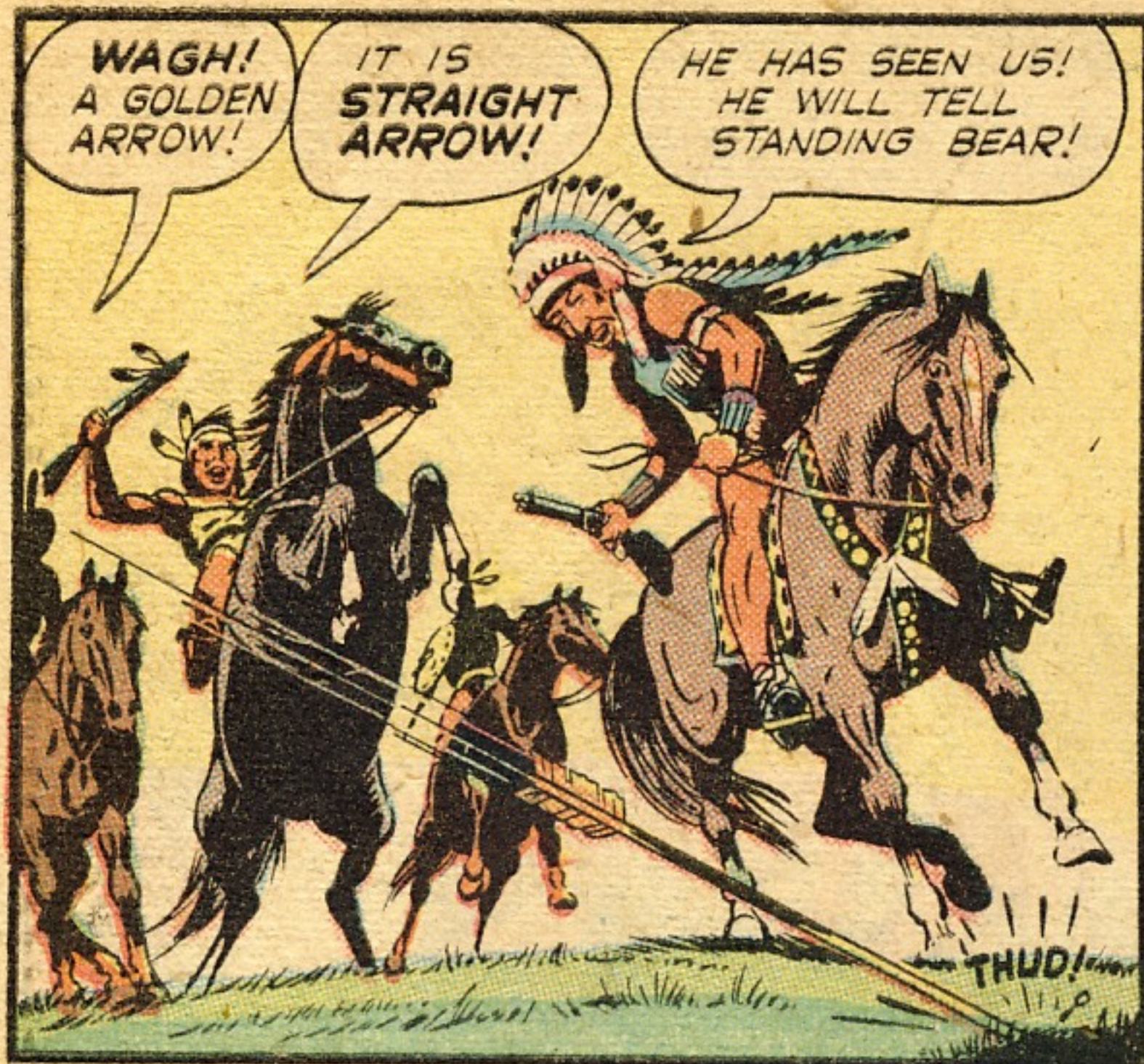
THE **OLD** WAY IS FINISHED! WE ARE FEW BEFORE THE WHITE MEN WHO COME FROM THE EAST LIKE WATER FROM THE SKY, IN A STEADY RAIN. THE BUFFALO HAVE GONE AWAY. WE MUST TAKE THE WHITE MAN'S WAY OF LIFE!

BLACK TOOTH! YOU HEAR THAT? YOU HATE THE PALE FACES! GIVE ME THE WORD—AND STANDING BEAR DIES!

QUIET, YOU FOOL! I HAVE A PLAN... COME WITH ME INTO THE SHADOWS...







AFTER REMOVING THE COMANCHE GARB AND CEREMONIAL PAINT OF STRAIGHT ARROW, AND AFTER DONNING HIS LEVIS, SHELLBELT, STETSON AND BOOTS, STEVE ADAMS RIDES FOR THE BROKEN BOW RANCH...

BLACK TOOTH ISN'T FINISHED. HE WON'T GIVE UP SO EASILY! I KNOW THAT, YET I CAN'T WATCH THE TRAILS ALL THE TIME—BUT PACKY CAN...



BACK AT THE BROKEN BOW...

PACKY, HIT FOR THE HILLS AROUND FORT COBB! KEEP A WEATHER EYE OUT FOR THOSE COMANCHE BUFFALO HIDE BEARERS!

KENO, STEVE!



COMMANDING OFFICER COLONEL DEEGAN OF FORT COBB STARES IN HAPPY SURPRISE AS TWO COMANCHE WARRIORS UNROLL A WHITENED BUFFALO HIDE...

THE SIGN OF PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP! GLORY HALLELUJAH!



TELL STANDING BEAR I WELCOME HIM WITH OPEN ARMS. I SEND HIM A "BIG DAGGER" AND A WHITE MAN'S GUN AS PRESENTS! I WILL HAVE A DETAIL RIDE WITH YOU AS AN ESCORT...



MEANWHILE BLACK TOOTH'S SPIES RETURN...

BAD NEWS FOR BLACK TOOTH!

HE WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO! HE NO WANT TO GO LIVE IN PALE FACE'S PLACE!



SUMMON ALL THE DOG WARRIORS! HAVE THEM PAINT THEIR FACES! WE RIDE TO SMASH THOSE WHITE SOLDIERS RIDING AS ESCORT!



WHEN THE WHITE SOLDIER CHIEF SEES THAT HIS MEN ARE DEAD, HE WILL SEND MANY WARRIORS TO CHASE STANDING BEAR AND OUR PEOPLE INTO THE HILLS! THEN THERE WILL BE NO MORE TALK OF TAKING UP THE WHITE MAN'S ROAD...



AT THE BROKEN BOW RANCH...

DEEGAN'S SENT OUT AN ESCORT, STEVE! TEN MEN WITH A YOUNG LIEUTENANT!

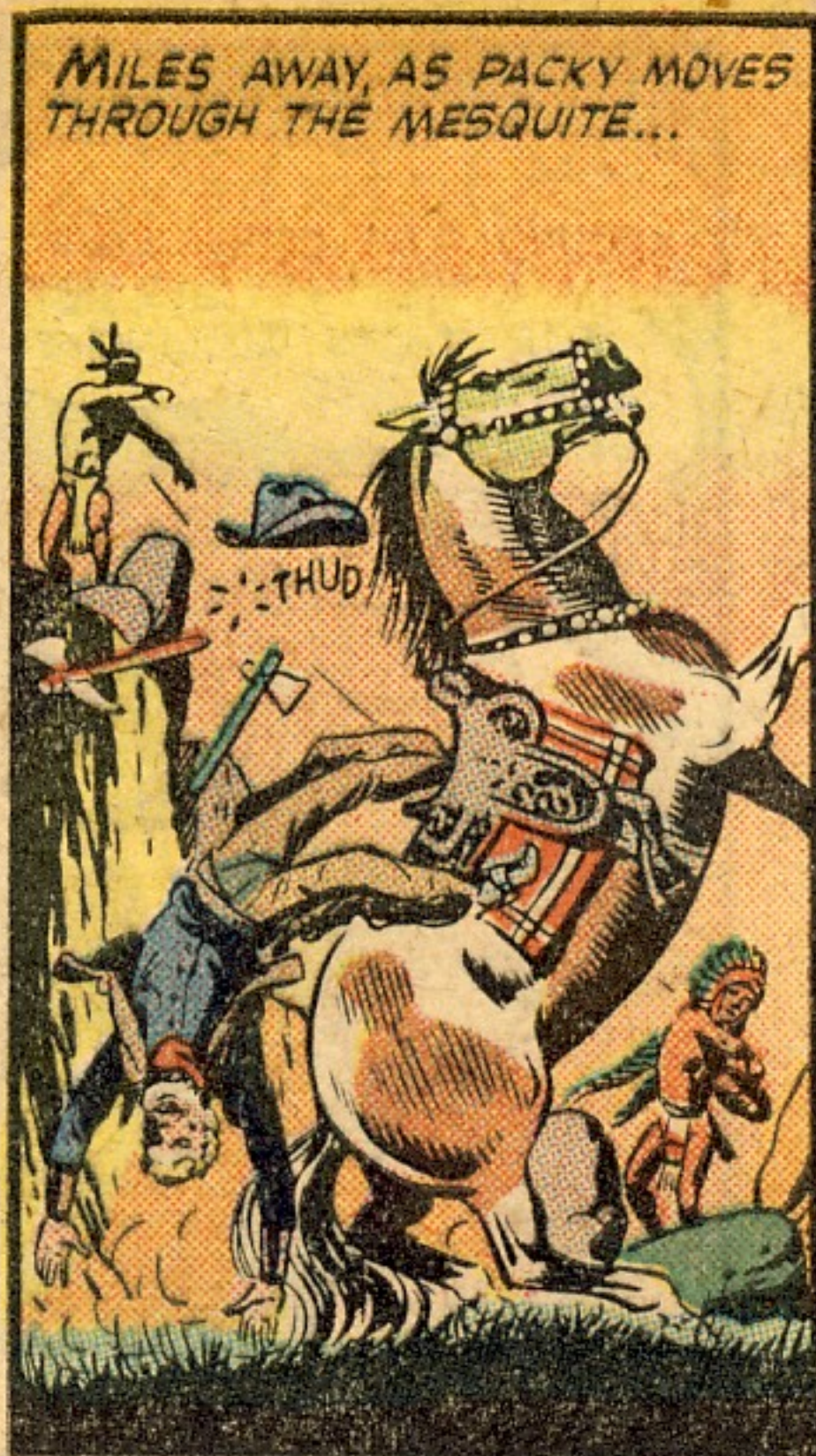
IF BLACK TOOTH LEARNS THAT—HE'LL SLAUGHTER THEM!



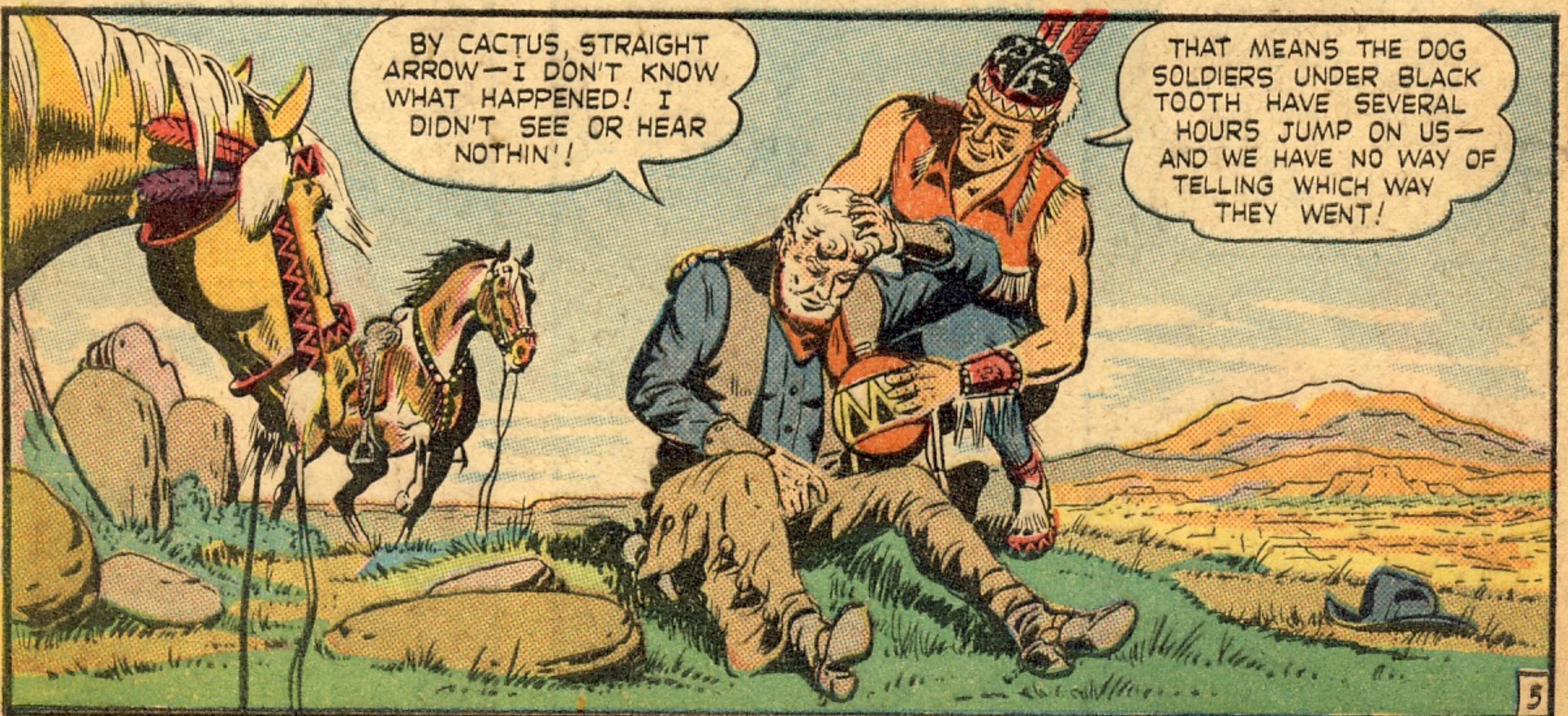
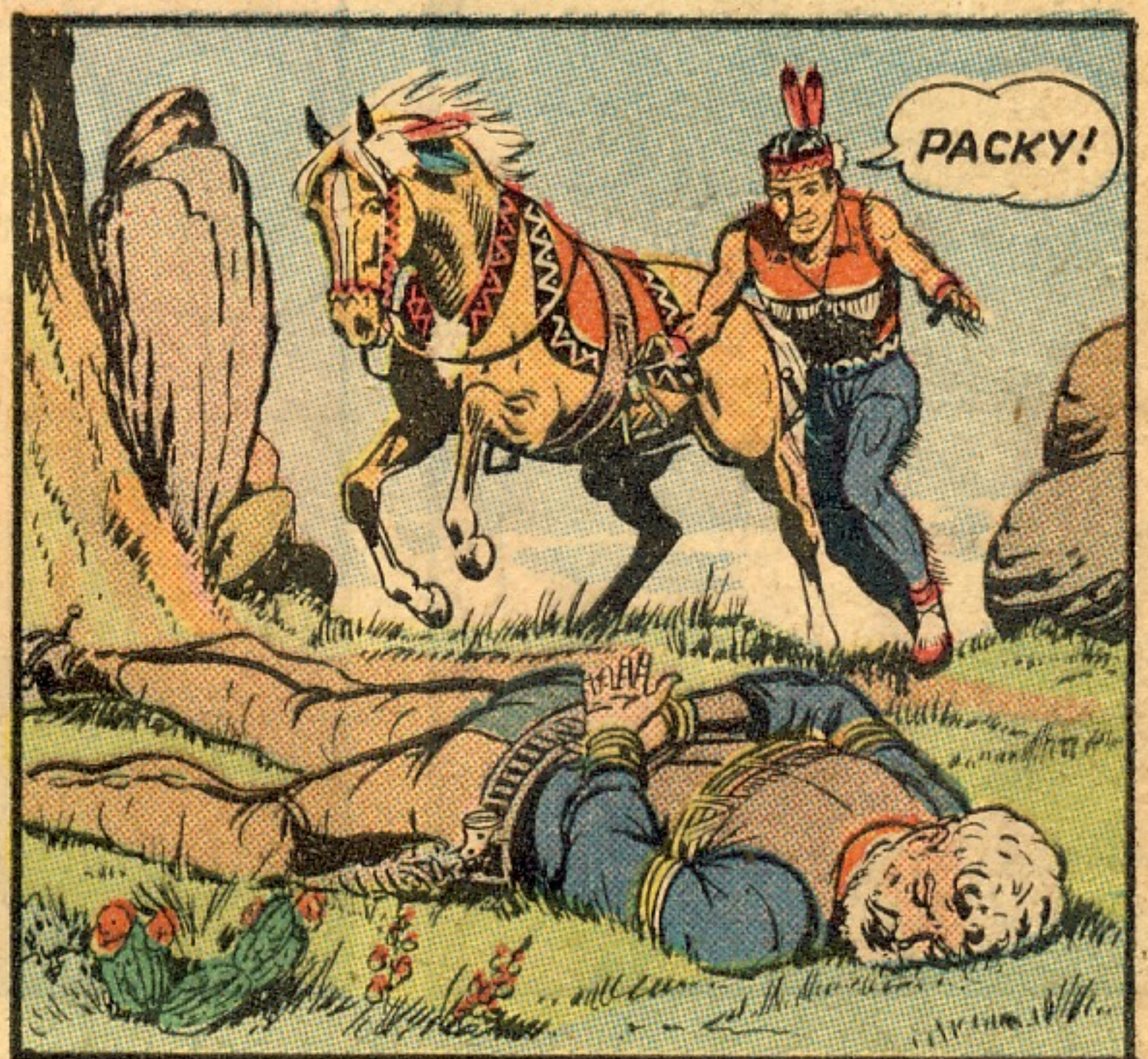
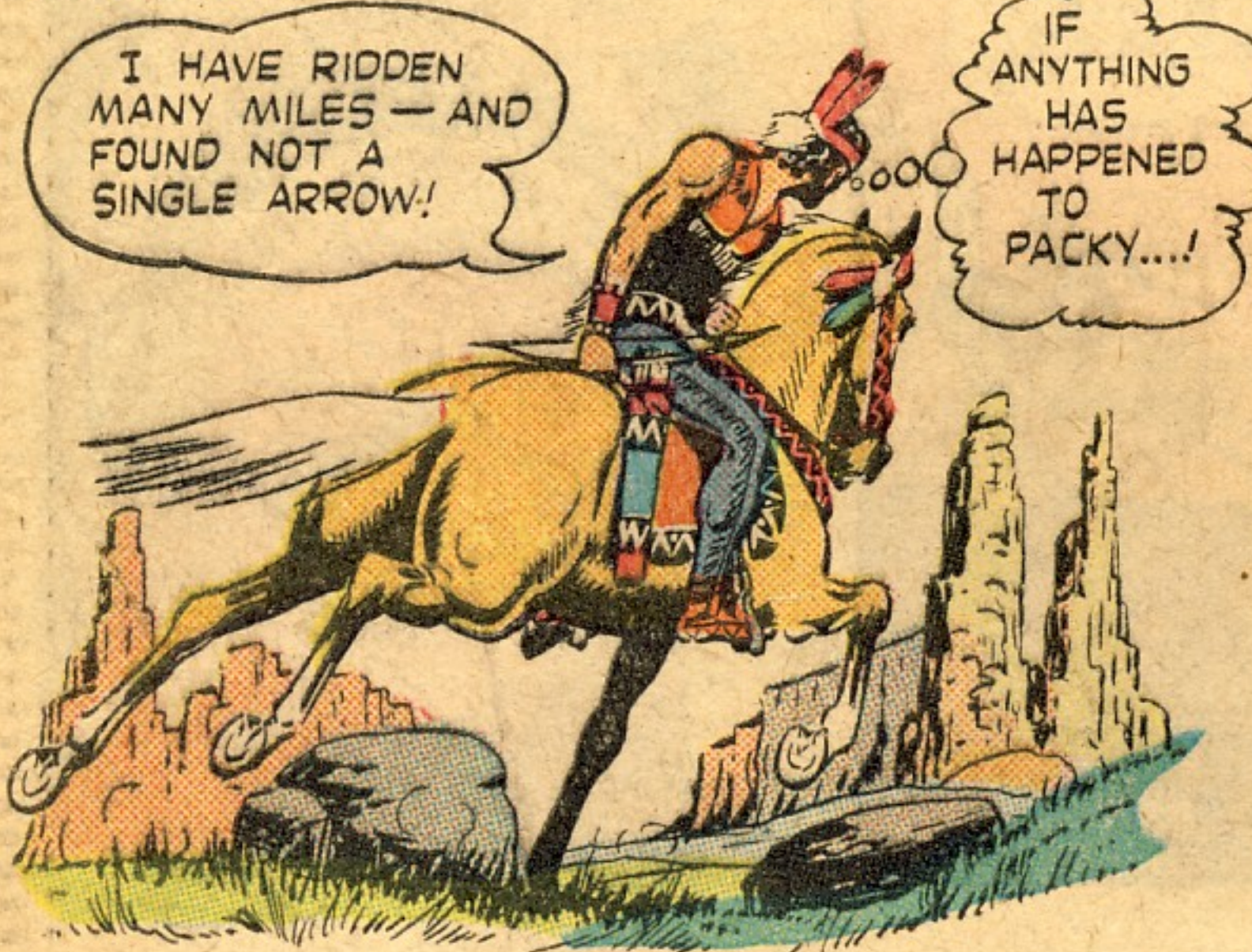
HIT FOR THE HILLS, PACKY! WATCH THE COMANCHE CAMP! WHEN BLACK TOOTH RIDES OUT—AS I KNOW HE WILL! FOLLOW HIM AND SCATTER THE GOLDEN ARROWS...

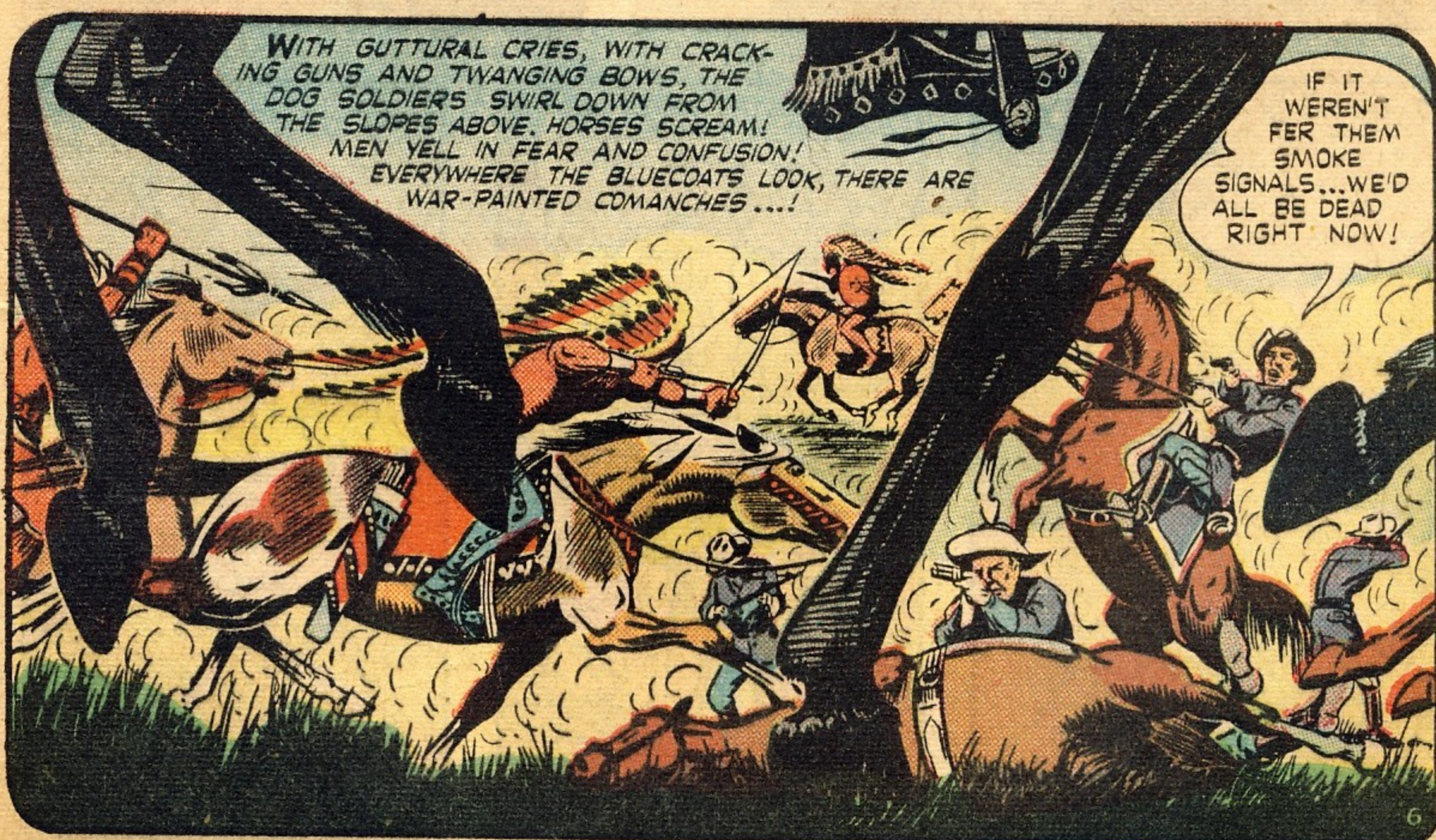
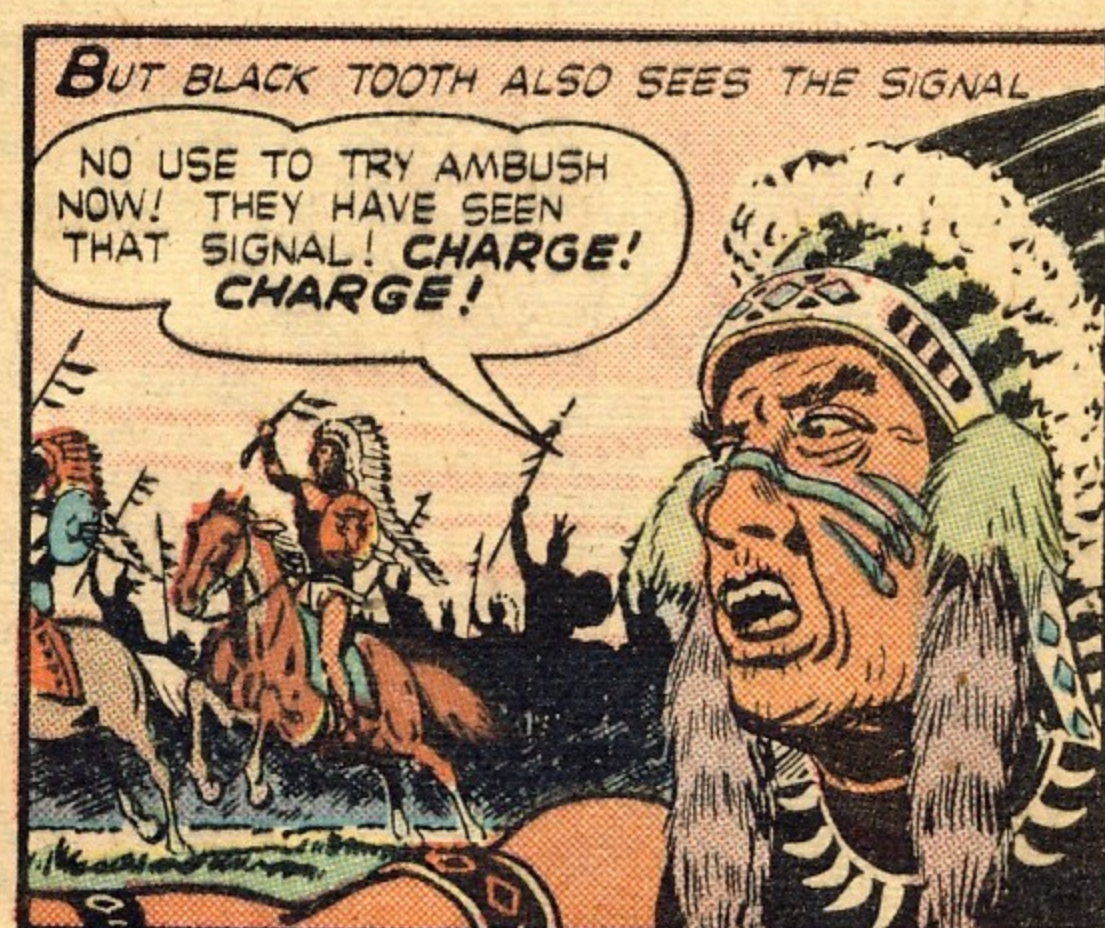
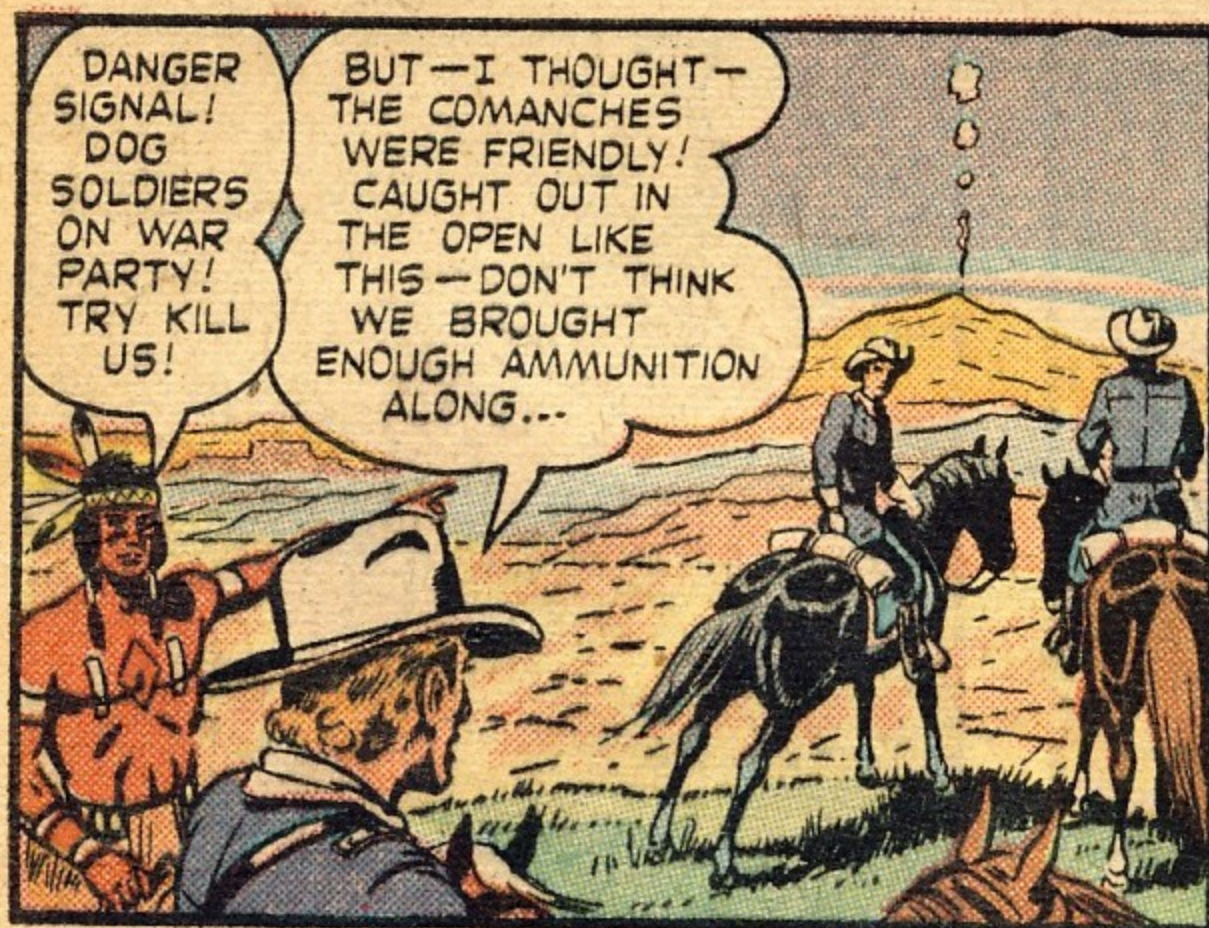
KENO, STEVE!

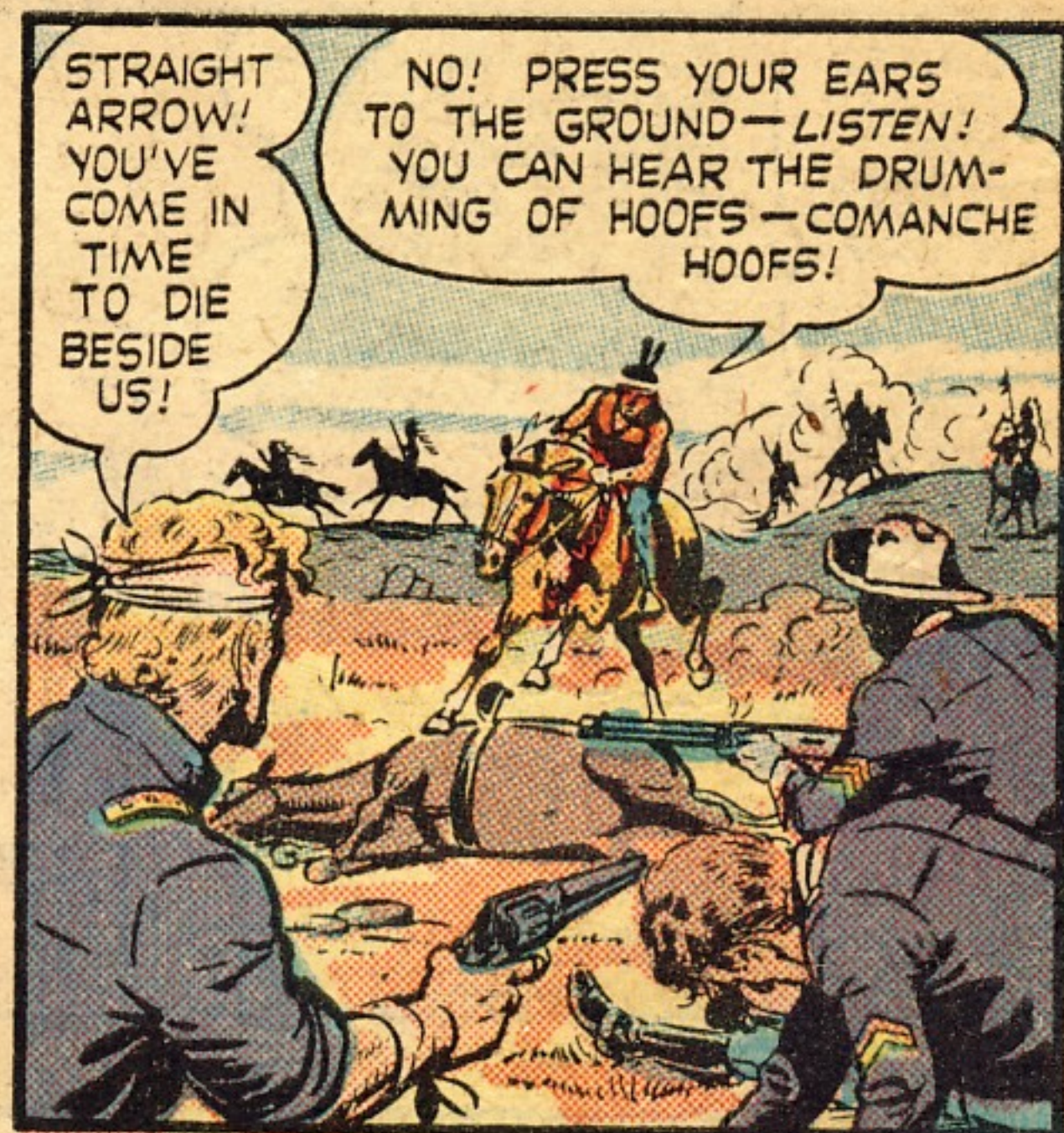
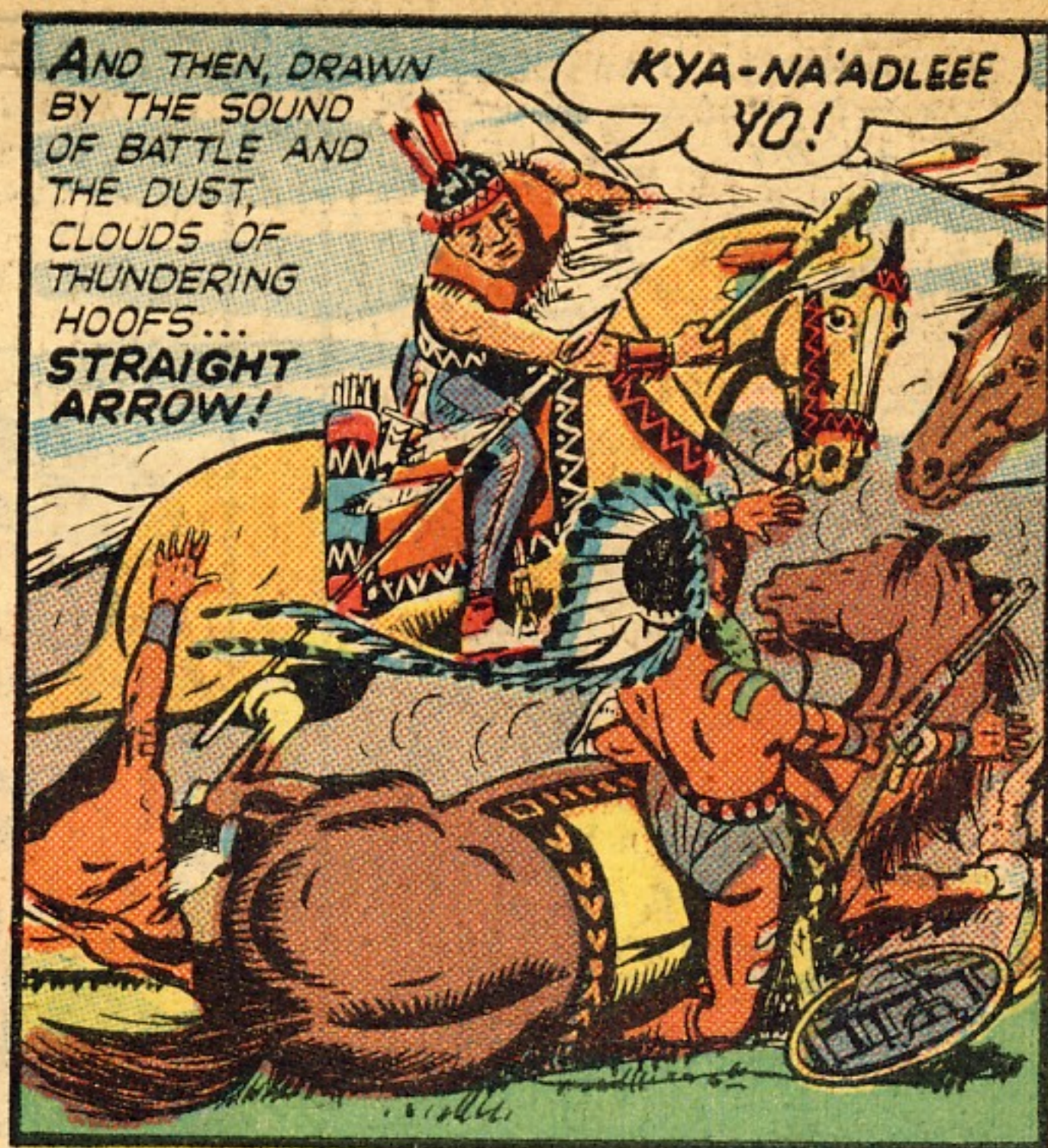




FOR HOUR AFTER HOUR, STRAIGHT ARROW RIDES THE SOTOL-DOTTED SAGE FLATS, HUNTING FOR THE GOLDEN ARROWS THAT PACKY WAS TO HAVE DROPPED AS MARKERS...







STRAIGHT ARROW FANS!

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